

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.



Crown Princess of Greece. Princess Marguerite of Hesse.

KING EDWARD VII.'S VISIT TO GERMANY: ARRIVAL OF HIS MAJESTY AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT CRONBERG RAILWAY STATION.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CRONBERG.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

That strange body which calls itself the "South African Conciliation Committee" has come dreadfully to grief. It published a leaflet, purporting to describe, on the authority of a Canadian officer, the wanton destruction of Boer homesteads by British troops. There was a moving picture of a smiling village, full of flowers and happy children, reduced to ruin and misery, while Lieutenant Morrison deplored the fate that made him an instrument of Lord Kitchener's cruelty. This leaflet was read in the House of Commons by an orator whose performance was described next day by an eloquent admirer in a morning paper. I read how his fine dark eyes were sometimes moist with pity, and sometimes lambent with anger, and how his beautiful tenor voice melted the flintiest heart with this tale of the burning village and the homeless innocents. But alas for all this sentiment, it turns out that Lieutenant Morrison's narrative has been so grossly garbled as to become no better than a rank forgery. As it appeared originally in the *Ottawa Citizen*, it was a complete justification of Lord Kitchener, strongly approved his policy, showed that the smiling village, full of flowers, was also full of concealed ammunition, that it was deliberately used by the Boers as a laager, and burnt after formal warning. Then the story was taken in hand by some American professor of Boeritis, shamelessly falsified, printed in the *New York Sun*, and copied by the partisans of "conciliation," who did not think it worth their while to consult the original document.

Does not this confirm my definition of Boeritis as the paralysis of the reasoning faculty and the debauch of the emotions? If these people with fine dark eyes and beautiful tenor voices were not so eager to believe ill of their countrymen who are fighting in South Africa, they would have been suspicious of this New York version of Lieutenant Morrison's testimony. The marvel of their delusion is that they should suppose their controversial method to be an instrument of "conciliation." Does it conciliate the irreconcilables still in arms against us? Look at the proclamation issued by De Wet and Steyn. It is stuffed with these absurd legends of British barbarities, and it is manifestly designed to keep up the fighting spirit of the burghers. What is the effect of this vilification of our troops upon the British people? Does it dispose them to slacken their purpose, and clamour for Lord Kitchener's recall? As everybody knows that the nation is more resolute than ever to prosecute the war until every spark of resistance is stamped out, it seems that all the use of these precious leaflets of "conciliation" is to feed the military blaze.

The incurable blunder of Mr. Courtney's Committee is that fatal assumption that, if you believe your country to be wrong in a war, you are bound to accuse her soldiers of atrocities. Your fine dark eyes must flash with wrath, and your beautiful tenor voice must ring with scorn, because the British Generals are pursuing an arduous campaign in strict accordance with the usages of war, as practised by the Northern armies in the Confederate States. In the *North American Review* there is an article by Mark Twain, who indicts both the war in the Transvaal and the war in the Philippines. He appears to have the singular idea that the injustice of these enterprises is proved by such incidents as the bayonetting of Boers in their trenches by a storming party, and the killing of some wounded Filipinos. He is alive to the conspicuous humanity of the American troops in China, where they have been rightfully employed; but he does not hesitate to condemn them on the evidence of an isolated instance of passion in the Philippines, because he holds that they have no lawful business there. Why should the Americans be less humane when they are fighting Filipinos than when they are fighting Boxers? And why is it that even a famous humorist falls a victim to the fallacy that the deplorable things which are done in all wars in the heat of conflict can be made to prove that a particular war is a crime against civilisation?

Boeritis has persuaded Mark Twain that the khaki worn by our soldiers in South Africa is a proof of our disgrace. "Even Mr. Chamberlain himself takes pride in England's honourable uniform, and makes the army down there wear an ugly and odious and appropriate disguise, of yellow stuff such as quarantine-flags are made of, and which are hoisted to warn the healthy away from unclean disease and repulsive death. This cloth is called khaki. We could adopt it. It is light, comfortable, grotesque, and deceives the enemy, for he cannot conceive of a soldier being concealed in it." I commend this withering irony to the gentleman who delights the House of Commons with his fine dark eyes and his beautiful tenor voice. Because the British soldier does not wear a red coat in a country and a climate and a campaign to which it is wholly unsuited, therefore his attire is an acknowledged badge of shame! The first principle of satire is that it should be inspired by knowledge. What is the knowledge in this laborious gibe at khaki? The Boers were disappointed that Tommy Atkins no longer wore the traditional colour which made such an excellent target for marksmen snugly hidden behind rocks. But they have consoled themselves by adopting the "ugly and odious and appropriate disguise," and so far from

being deceived by it, they have frequently employed it to deceive our men. Lieutenant Morrison describes how they decoyed two dragoons by this means, and "shot them in cold blood"; but this part of his story was not recited by that beautiful tenor voice.

I have a great respect for Mark Twain, and this curious aberration of his saddens me a little, especially when I turn to Mr. Howells's appreciation of him in the same number of the *North American Review*. "What finally appeals to you in Mark Twain," says Mr. Howells, "and what may hereafter be his peril with his readers, is his common-sense." Just now that definition of the peril seems a trifle inapt; but wait a moment. The humorist who convinces other men, pursues Mr. Howells, "that he is a man of as much sense as any of them, and possibly more, is in the parlous case of having given them hostages for seriousness which he may not finally be able to redeem." There's the rub! You were inclined to take Mark Twain seriously, let us say, until you read that nonsense about khaki. You dismiss that as fooling, not of the best, and yet he wants you to take it as grim earnestness, as what Mr. Howells calls his "penetrating sagacity." His case is even more parlous than is imagined by Mr. Howells, who, having Boeritis very badly himself, cannot appreciate its paralysing effect on a fellow-humorist.

In another American review, the *International Monthly*, Mr. William Archer discourses on the "Real Ibsen" with a good deal of point, and not a little irritation. He has no patience with critics who sneer at the "provincial" Norwegian society in Ibsen's plays. He is particularly angry because "Ibsen's habitual employment of champagne as a sort of symbol of rollicking festivity, if not of unbridled luxury, is vastly ridiculous to your clubman, your metropolitan man-about-town, who prides himself on an exact knowledge of the etiquette of the wine-list." Well, to me the drollery of Ibsen's champagne is not in his "habitual employment" of it, but in its very limited quantity. There never seems to be more than a bottle for the whole *dramatis personæ*. Why am I to be denied a little gentle diversion at this spectacle? Perhaps the diversion is not unmixed with envy, for there is more exhilaration in Ibsen's bottle than in half-a-dozen bottles out of the club cellar. When the gentleman who emerges from the Norwegian back-parlour, where he has been consuming "high tea," exclaims, "After a meal like that, one feels a new man," his simple enthusiasm makes me smile again. Why not? It is not the smile of an over-fed sybarite. Any burst of rapture about his victuals from a person in a play would amuse me just as much.

I suspect that Ibsen perfectly appreciated the quaintness of his bottle of champagne. No dramatist has ever shown a keener sense of incongruities. He makes a father, grieving for the drowning of an only child, wonder in a dazed way what he is going to have for dinner. Why suppose that Ibsen does not see the fun of that bottle of champagne just as well as the clubman with "his exact knowledge of the etiquette of the wine-list"? And what has that "etiquette" to do with the matter? Much to my disappointment, Ibsen has never revealed the brand of that champagne which has such marvellous influence in such small potations. I remember a clubman who objected to pay for a pint of champagne on the plea that it was not the vintage it professed to be. This was reported to the committee, and it so happened that, on that same day, the head of the firm that made the vintage was a visitor in the club. He was requested to favour the committee with his opinion of a glass of champagne out of the bottle the clubman had rejected. When he tasted it, he said at once: "This is my wine," and named its year. The clubman was told that an expert had decided against him, but he was not told who the expert was; so when he paid the money, with the dignified remark that he would not argue any further with people who knew nothing about champagne, the committee laughed for a considerable time, and the joke is enshrined in the archives of that club. I don't think Mr. Archer will understand it; but I am sure it would give the genius of Ibsen the liveliest pleasure.

I am indebted to a correspondent for some interesting genealogy. He traces the descent of King Edward VII. from Thietmar, Prince of the House of Wettin, or Saxony, who reigned from 919 to 957. Margarita, daughter of the Emperor Frederic II., of the Hohenstaufen (Ghibelline) dynasty, married in 1243 Albert of Saxony, a lineal descendant of Thietmar, and direct ancestor of King Edward. The Guelphs (or Welfs), whose dynasty in this country ended with Queen Victoria, derive from Azzo II. of Este, in Lombardy, who married Kunegunde, heiress of the last German Welf. The first German Welf married his daughter Judith to Lewis, son of Charlemagne. King Edward thus enjoys an ancestry in which the Normans, Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts seem comparatively modern.

The grand old gardener and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent.

They may smile; but when you can trace your lineage back to Charlemagne, you need not feel hurt by the ironical regard of Adam and Eve.

## PARLIAMENT.

The debate on the Address has been occupied chiefly with the war, varied by excursions into Irish land purchase and Indian expenditure. Mr. Dillon made a long speech about British "atrocities." Mr. Brodrick described this as having no object except to embarrass the Government and increase the difficulties of negotiations for peace. Mr. Lambert raised a discussion of the surrenders of British troops in the course of the campaign. The Secretary for War stated that, as the result of inquiries already held, several officers had been dismissed, and others put upon half-pay. He did not think it was expedient to make all these inquiries public, but admitted that grave cases which demanded examination by court-martial should be made fully known. On the question of a general inquiry into the conduct of the war, Mr. Balfour made the somewhat enigmatical remark that the pledge of the Government could not be fulfilled if they were not asked to fulfil it. Mr. Brodrick intimated, however, that such an inquiry will be held when the war is over.

Two debates on the Irish land question enabled Mr. William O'Brien to denounce Dublin Castle in the old vein, and Mr. T. W. Russell to enforce his views about compulsory land purchase. He declared that his scheme for the expenditure of 120 millions in expropriating the Irish landlords was the only policy that promised a final settlement. Mr. Balfour, while extolling the principle of purchase, declined to look beyond the administration of the present law. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and practically the whole of the Opposition voted with Mr. T. W. Russell, who was also supported by four of the Unionist members for Ulster.

An amendment dealing with the temperance question elicited from Mr. Ritchie the statement that the Government were unprepared to go any further this Session than their promised Bill for preventing the sale of intoxicating liquor in public-houses to habitual drunkards. This law is to be enforced by a severe system of inspection.

Mr. Gibson Bowles invited the House to consider the defences of Gibraltar, but the discussion was curtailed by Mr. Balfour's announcement that a Commission of Inquiry would be appointed.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BELLE OF BOHEMIA," AT THE APOLLO.

Were it not for the electrical vitality of its Transatlantic interpreters, the new musical comedy with which Mr. Lowenfeld has opened his handsome Apollo Theatre would have to be voted a very dull affair, for its American concoctors appear to have imagined that mere quantity will atone for poor quality of entertainment, that the repetition of what is hackneyed has only to be thorough enough to afford real pleasure. So, though "The Belle of Bohemia" lacks all freshness and novelty, it luxuriates in reckless abundance of costumes, choruses, and other supposed requisites—nay, its very humours are reduplicated. Whereas "The Belle of New York" contained one eccentric (and amusing) German, who spluttered out broken English, the Apollo play has two such Teutonic scarecrows, who, amid the customarily sordid atmosphere of drunkenness and infidelity, play a modern and ugly "Comedy of Errors." Far more diverting than the pranks of these Dromios, or even the topical ditties of Mr. Carl's "matinée idol," are the droll discords of a stage-imported German band. Otherwise, the arch vivacity of that pretty soubrette, Miss Marie George, and the graceful dancing and refined singing of her clever companion, Miss Marie Dainton, are the pleasantest memories of "The Belle of Bohemia"; they almost suffice to efface dismal impressions of Mr. Engländer's noisy music and Mr. Harry B. Smith's vulgar story.

FIFTIETH PERFORMANCE OF "HENRY V.," AT THE LYCEUM. Last week the splendid Lyceum revival of "Henry V.," that great epic of English patriotism, attained its fiftieth performance, and the happy occasion was signalled by the presentation of a really valuable and artistic souvenir containing the portraits in character of the chief players, too numerous for mention, concerned in the production. Meantime, Mr. Lewis Waller's grandly eloquent patriot King, Mr. Mollison's gloriously bragging Pistol, Mr. Robson's comic, if diminutive, Fluellen, Mr. Jack Barnes's manly Williams, and Miss Hanbury's statuesque Chorus, together with the ringing rhetoric of several promising young actors, still remain the most delightful features of a rendering fully worthy of Lyceum traditions.

"THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Revivals of one sort or another seem the theatrical order of the month, but no play recently reproduced is likely to be more acceptable or has more fairly earned exemption from criticism than Mr. Anthony Hope's witty and delightful, if fantastic, costume-comedy, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." True, it is still difficult to believe that an Ursula hampered by Miss Evelyn Millard's arch and obvious femininity could ever have imposed as a seeming lad upon so shrewd and suspicious a woman-hater as Sir George Sylvester; but there could be no drama at all if this postulate of the Rosalind-like masquerade were not granted the author. In any case, too, the possibility of the convention does not trouble the Duke of York's audience, which greeted on Monday week the reappearance of the play and its two principals with the heartiest approbation. Miss Millard's impersonation of the heroine is certainly one of her most charming efforts, and she has taken pains to suppress her old exaggerations of girlish embarrassment. As for Mr. Waring's rendering of the chivalrous Baronet so soon converted from misogyny, it has improved with time and gained ease and distinction. Various sound and capable actors, such as Mr. Mackay, Mr. Day, Mr. Raiemond, and Mr. Fulton, together with pretty Miss Agnes Miller, contribute in no small measure towards a highly agreeable ensemble.

MR. BENSON'S "CORIOLANUS," AT THE COMEDY.

Merely for staging so rarely seen yet poignant a Shakspearean tragedy as "Coriolanus" in his usual intelligent and scholarly style, Mr. Benson deserves the



franks of playgoers. The production, indeed, of the play at the Comedy Theatre is altogether praiseworthy. Mr. Benson has drilled his stage crowd, an important factor in this austere drama's representation, into every appearance of natural impulse; he has carved out an acting text which omits none of the best poetry of the original, yet is amiably distinguished by brevity; and he has rearranged the scenario only to emphasise the directness and simplicity of the poet's absorbing story. But the acting, too, of the Benson company is both vigorous and satisfying. Miss Geneviève Ward's engagement was an inspiration, for her stately presence, incisive manner, and masterly elocution exalt the part of Volumnia to its proper significance. Apart from Miss Ward's work, the most striking impersonations come from Mr. Lyall Swete and Mr. Asche respectively as the loyal old Menenius and the crafty tribune Velutus, both capital character-studies and sound rhetorical performances. For the rest, Miss Braithwaite makes a graceful and gentle Virgilia; and agreeable oratory is supplied by Messrs. Brydone and Fitzgerald as the rival Volscian and Roman generals. Even Mr. Benson's Coriolanus has several excellent features, and sounds the right note of the hero's temper—inordinate caste pride. The actor's voice has not overcome its faults of hard monotony, false emphasis, and occasional rant, but he always manages to convey the idea of a dominating personality, and in several of the play's great speeches his appeal is really impressive.

## MUSIC.

On Ash Wednesday the Royal Choral Society gave a very excellent performance of Mr. Horatio Parker's setting of the hymn, "Hora Novissima." It is really the first chance that a London audience has had of hearing it finely interpreted, though the Sunday League Concerts gave it a little while ago; but at the Worcester Musical Festival it was given in 1899. It formed the first part of the programme, and it is a work of surprising melody; indeed, so melodious is it that some people might be content only to engross themselves with its sweetness, and fail to appreciate the more hidden charms of subtle counterpoint and the skill of a highly accomplished musician. It is exceedingly difficult music to sing, and the finished work of the chorus gave indication of severe training at the rehearsals, the double chorus, "Stant Syon atriæ," and the chorus a Capella being especially to be commended. Madame Sobrino sang the solo for the soprano, "O bona patria," beautifully. The tenor, Mr. Green, won much applause in "Urbs Syon aurea," Mr. Andrew Black did some excellent work in two quartets and an aria, "Ære modo vivitur." Mdlle. Ravogli sang very gracefully and artistically the less-pleasing solo, "Gens duce splendida." The orchestra, which showed also a high standard of work, was not so good in the "Marche Funèbre" of Chopin, which divided the two parts of the programme; and still less good in the opening movements of Beethoven's "Choral Symphony." But the vocal finale was beyond reproach, both in the case of the soloists, Madame Sobrino, Mdlle. Ravogli, Mr. William Green, and Mr. Daniel Price, and in the chorus. Sir Frederick Bridge, the conductor of the Royal Choral Society, is warmly to be congratulated on his society's work.

The Royal Academy of Music gave a students' chamber-concert, at which some very indifferent singing was heard, and some fair instrumental work. Of course, allowance is made for the fact that it is merely students' work; but criticism is invited, and therefore it must be acknowledged that the quality and training of the voices were not worthy of praise. Miss Rose Wheeler sang some lyrical songs composed by Miss Florence Reeves, a student, "Autumn" being the most distinctive of the three. Miss May Friedeberg played very charmingly some gipsy-music of Coleridge Taylor; and Mr. Edwin Yorke Bowen played a sonata of his own composition in B minor, still in manuscript. Another sonata in manuscript was produced, a clever piece of composition, scored for the violin and pianoforte, written by a Macfarren scholar.

Mr. Plunket Greene and Mr. Leonard Borwick gave their first song and pianoforte recital on the afternoon of Friday, Feb. 22, and a very delightful matinée it proved. Instead of alternating each other too constantly, each gave a group of selected compositions, Mr. Borwick beginning with his favourite "Etudes Symphoniques" of Schumann. His second group of work was Chopin: his beautiful "Polonaise Fantaisie," a barcarole, mazurka, and valse; and as an encore the graceful and complicated "Toccata" of Henselt. Mr. Plunket Greene sang most delightfully, beginning with the beautiful sacred song of Bach, "Komm, süßer Tod." His voice is very convincing in adagio work, though he apparently prefers the gusty, riotous Irish song; and so did his audience, who clamorously demanded an encore of the old Irish melody, "The Alarm," arranged by C. V. Stanford. An old "Wächterlied" of the period of 1530, and a song of Brahms, "Minnelied," were his most attractive pieces.

On Saturday, at the Queen's Hall, Signor Busoni gave an afternoon recital, and drew his selections from Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and his master, Liszt. His rendering of the Sonata in A flat of Beethoven, that includes the "Funeral March," was original, and beautifully played. The march itself was full of distinction. The sonata of Chopin immediately following included the "Marche Funèbre," of which the public are growing a little wearied. The lightest music played was the "Feux Follets," of Liszt. "Will of the Wisp," the first, is full of technical difficulties, which were apparently unfelt by Busoni. "Mazeppa," of Liszt, is indeed a *tour de force*, and Signor Busoni's playing of it was so masterly that one recalled Schumann's criticism of it as one of the "études of tempest and dread—études for, at most, ten or twelve of this world's players—weaker executants will only raise a laugh by attempting them." As a long-demanded encore, Signor Busoni played at the end of the concert Chopin's Polonaise in A flat.

At the Saturday Popular Concert the novelty of the programme was a quintet of César Franch, which has only once been heard publicly by Londoners, when

M. Ortman produced it five years ago. César Franch, who died in 1890, is slowly but surely gaining recognition here, and M. Ysaye deserves our gratitude for bringing forward this quintet, which is characteristic of the Parisian's work, original, very dramatic, built up on passionate themes that are restless in their development. M. Ysaye played beautifully, and M. Théophile Ysaye proves to be a talented pianist, both by his playing in the quintet and by his solos, especially the gavotte with variations of Rameau. He also played a graceful nocturne in A flat, composed by himself. Miss Edith Clegg sang pleasingly, though she employs the tremolo a little too much; but her songs were two charming ones of Elgar, "After" and "Where Corals lie."

On Monday evening M. Ysaye again brought forward a novelty at the Popular Concerts, a new quartet of Vincent d'Indy, a pupil of César Franch. His orchestral works have been played at the Queen's Hall and the Crystal Palace, and this quartet shows that his chamber-music is also deserving of recognition. It was performed in Paris in 1878, and it is only another proof of how lamentably tardy we are in London. M. Théophile Ysaye was not always irreproachable in the piano part, though his solos, a Rhapsodie of Brahms and a "Mélodie Hongroise" of Liszt, were very creditable and artistic. M. Ysaye played the beautiful Romance in G major of Svendsen, and gave as an encore the gavotte from Vieuxtemps' "Suite Ancienne." M. Meux sang very well.

M. I. H.

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Works will only be received at the Burlington Gardens entrance. Hours for the reception of Works 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. Forms and Labels can be obtained from the Academy during the month of March on receipt of a stamped and directed envelope.

FOR SALE.—Set of "Illustrated London News," from commencement (1842 to 1894), 104 volumes, bound, good condition.—Ad. ess. T. Hyde-Drake, 53, St. John's Park, 1, Leinster Hill, N.

TO SOUTH AFRICANS.—Warm, Furnished House. High ground. Three Reception, seven Bed-rooms, Suit Friends. Half hour Charing Cross. Five Guineas. Golf, Hockey, Tennis Lawn.—"D'ne-mbe, Wina Road, Lee.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Managing-Director, Arthur Collins. Every Evening at 7.30 and Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 1.30. "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST." Box-Office open all day.

## THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.45 p.m. AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

MOHAWK and MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS. TWICE DAILY, 3 and 8. ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. Great success of the New Patriotic Anthem "GOD SAVE OUR KING." Sung by Clement Stewart and Full Chorus. LONDON'S MINSTRELS.



KING EDWARD VII'S VISIT TO GERMANY.



HIS MAJESTY AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR LEAVING CRONBERG STATION FOR SCHLOSS FRIEDRICHSHOF, THE RESIDENCE OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MR. MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CRONBERG.



# WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.



TRIAL OF A BOXER AT THE MAGISTRATE'S COURT OF THE TIENTSIN PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.



AUSTRIAN SAILORS WITH FOUR CAPTURED BOXER THIEVES.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE KING'S GERMAN VISIT.

On the evening of Saturday, Feb. 23, the King left Marlborough House for his journey to Cronberg, where his Imperial sister, the Empress Frederick of Germany, lies gravely ill. This was a private setting-out, with no escort and no military display. Nevertheless, a large crowd had gathered round the Charing Cross station when the King's carriage drove into the enclosure at a few minutes before ten. Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, chairman, Mr. Vincent Hill, general manager of the railway, and other officials, received his Majesty, who wore the undress uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet. In attendance were Captain F. Ponsonby, Equerry, Sir Francis Laking, physician, and Captain Welch, R.N. At Port Victoria, reached at ten minutes past eleven, Vice-Admiral W. R. Kennedy, Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, and Major-General Sir Thomas Fraser, commanding the Thames District, received his Majesty, who, after greeting them, at once boarded the *Victoria and Albert* (Vice-Admiral Sir J. R. Fullerton), lying alongside the pier. Next morning at six, between dawn and a dull day, the Admiralty tug *Diligence* got to work. A strong ebb-tide was running against the *Victoria and Albert*, and some time was spent before her head was towed round. Enough light had come whereby to distinguish Vice-Admiral Fullerton and other officers, also various war-vessels, and, away near Queenborough, the long black hulls of destroyers. Sheerness was soon passed, where were other ships of war, including the *Repulse*, the *Edinburgh*, and the *Wildfire*. There was now no salute, for the King was taking his first journey incognito.

At the Nore the *Victoria and Albert* (which, by the way, no longer makes quite the seventeen knots which she boasted when she first carried Queen Victoria forty-six years ago) was joined by the cruisers *Severn* and *Australia*, her escort to Flushing. By way of Cologne, Frankfort-on-the-Main was reached between six and seven on Monday morning, when, despite the early hour, the British Consul-General and his staff were already in the station. The King breakfasted in his saloon-carriage, and afterwards received Sir Frank Lascelles. Meantime the German Emperor had left Homburg by special train for Frankfort. The King walked up and down the platform awaiting the arrival of the Emperor,

also the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge (the Duke of Devonshire) and the Vice-Chancellor. With these high officials went a little concourse of the working staffs of the two Universities. The King in his separate replies was happy and to the point. After alluding to the "traditional loyalty" of Oxford—a phrase which carried with it a memory of "battles long ago"—he recalled the occasion when, shortly after his marriage, he and the Princess were present at Commemoration. His own college days the King referred to as "a period of my life which I shall ever look back upon with great pleasure and satisfaction."

## WRECK OF THE "CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO."

The steamer *City of Rio de Janeiro*, 3458 tons, was entering San Francisco on the morning of Feb. 22 with a number of passengers and a valuable cargo on board, when she sank on a ledge outside the Golden Gate. She was the property of the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company of New York; she left Hong-Kong on Jan. 22, and Yokohama on Feb. 2; and reached San Francisco in the early morning. There a dense fog prevailed. When she struck, the pilot, by whom the captain would not be warned, cried out, "All take to the boats!" A scene of wild confusion followed, and lasted for nearly fifteen minutes, till the vessel, which had pursued its way despite its injuries, tipped forward and sank. Meanwhile, Captain Ward got some of the boats laden, but he locked himself in his state-room and went down with his ship, according to one report; or, according to another, stood at the wheel until he was overwhelmed. About one hundred other lives were lost. Thirty-five white and thirty-seven Asiatic passengers were among those who perished; there were also lost of the crew eighteen whites and a rather smaller number of Asiatics. Of the boats one reached the shore, and from some of the others lives were rescued



TWO BOXER GIRLS IMPRISONED IN THE YAMEN AT TIENTSIN.  
SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.

it, but fortunately rose in time to be saved. The value of the vessel's lost cargo is estimated at £100,000.

## WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.

Pending the final adjustment of affairs under the flags of the European Powers in China, there is no lack of incidents, official and unofficial. They abound in the midst of such a meeting of nationalities as has never taken place under so remote a sky. The confiscation of the goods of Chinese villagers by Indian soldiers—albeit done by English authority—is a curious encounter of the two utterly different families of the human race, called alike by the dominant Englishman "natives," and there brought face to face in a quarrel not their own. Our Indian forces have of late seen much that their untravelled countrymen in the past never guessed at, both in the regions of the West and in an East more Eastern than their own. Soldiers and sailors of all nationalities are zealous against the Boxers, wherever these are found. One of our illustrations shows the detection of some of these *in flagrante delicto*, by Austrian sailors, another the trial of a Boxer offender at the Tientsin Provisional Court. In metropolitan Peking there is naturally something of sport and pastime, and the picturesque gates see many an incongruous party of Northern figures pass under them, bent upon errands hitherto unknown upon Chinese high-roads. Despite all the activities of the Allied Forces and the rumoured acquiescence of the Chinese in their demands, there is talk of another six months of parleyings with Court officials—people of importance. Meanwhile, the Government of the United States is becoming a little restless in view of the criticisms directed against the policy of the Allies. The threat of a new expedition into the Interior is, however, unlikely to be persisted in by the Powers. It has had its effect. The Court, in view of the determination shown by the Allies, gives reluctant sanction to all the demands. Two condemned officers were executed in Peking on Tuesday. The escort of the condemned was of Japanese infantry, and the place was guarded by French, German, and American troops. Calm and fearless, the two condemned men died with dignity.

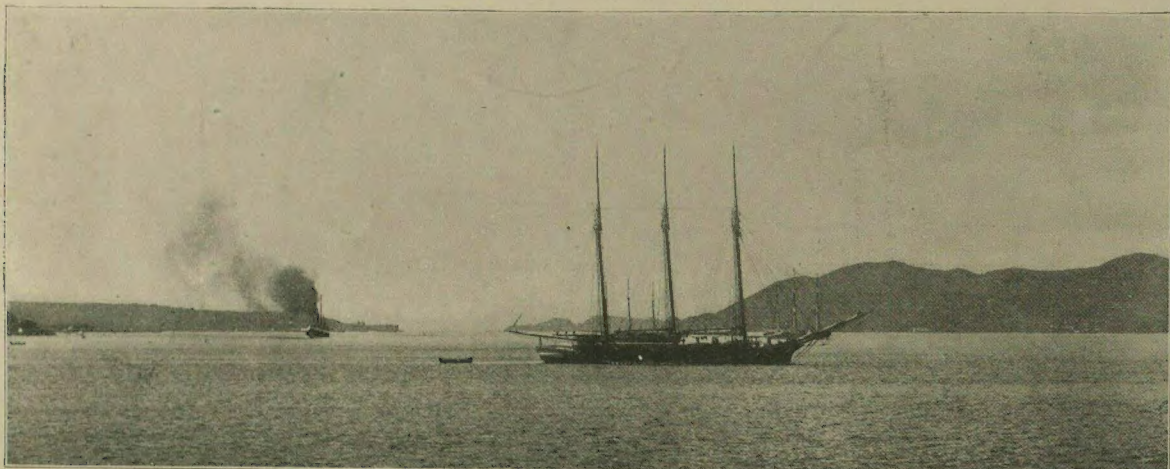


Photo. McDonald.

THE WRECK OF "THE CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO": FORT POINT AND GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO HARBOUR, WHERE THE DISASTER OCCURRED.

and, when he came, the greetings between uncle and nephew were extremely cordial. The members of the Consulate-General were presented to the Emperor, who wore the undress uniform of a Prussian General under a grey Hohenzollern mantle. Then the Imperial train left for Cronberg, which was reached at about half-past nine. The travellers were met by Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse, and by Princess Margaret of Hesse and the Crown Princess of Greece, both of them daughters of the Empress Frederick. The King quickly alighted and kissed his nieces. Officers of the Empress Frederick's Household and the local Landrath were at the station. The King and Emperor drove off immediately in a sleigh, drawn by two greys, to Friedrichshof. On arriving there, the Emperor bade good-bye to the King, and proceeded to Homburg without alighting from his sleigh. The King then visited the Empress Frederick, remaining alone with her for a quarter of an hour. Lunch for seventeen was served at the Castle as soon as the Emperor returned from his drive. He and the King sat together in the centre of the long table, where Sir F. Lascelles was among the guests.

## THE KING AND THE UNIVERSITIES.

His Majesty held a Court at St. James's Palace on Saturday last week in order to receive on the throne various deputations and addresses, among which precedence was given to those from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Prince Charles of Denmark accompanied the King, who was joined also by the Duke of York. His Majesty's Bodyguard of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, under their Captain, Lord Belper, and the Royal Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard, under Earl Waldegrave, were on duty. The Earls of Pembroke and Clarendon, the Duke of Portland, Viscount Valentia, M.P., Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., and other officers of the Household were present; so was Mr. Ritchie, the Home Secretary, who stood at the King's side when his chief, the Marquis of Salisbury, was ushered into the royal presence as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, his train borne by his young kinsmen, the Hon. Robert Cecil and Master John Cecil. With him was the Vice-Chancellor. These kissed hands, as did

by tugs and other passing craft. Eighteen women were on board, and it seems melancholy to record that only three were saved. One of the rescued passengers reports that he saw Mr. Wildman, the United States Consul-General at Hong-Kong, and his wife and children drowned. Among those saved was Mr. William Brander, a member of the London Stock Exchange, who was asleep when the vessel struck the rock. He gathered a few valuables, ran on board, and secured a life-belt, which he was in the act of adjusting as the vessel sank. He went down with

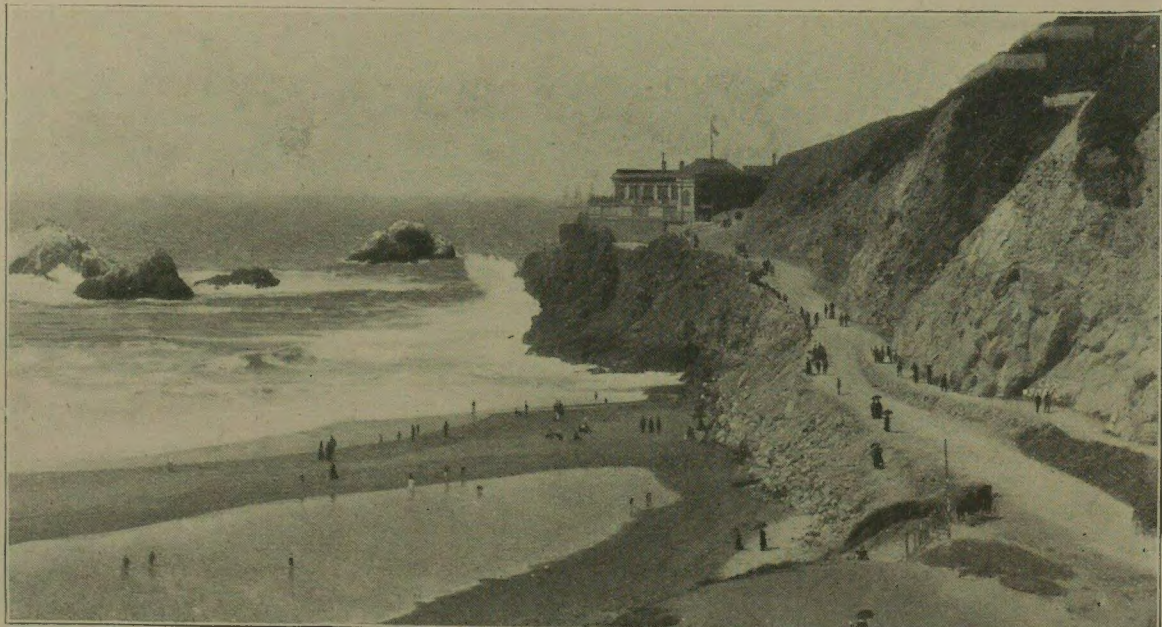


Photo. McDonald.

THE WRECK OF THE "CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO": BEACH, CLIFF HOUSE, AND SEAL ROCKS, SAN FRANCISCO HARBOUR.



## PERSONAL.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer keeps the secret of his Budget, but he has made one admission. He has no intention of putting a special duty on cigarettes in order to deter boys from smoking them. He says that if boys want to smoke, they will smoke, and that no Chancellor of the Exchequer can prevent them. In consequence of this statement, the projected demonstration of the boys of England in Hyde Park has been abandoned.

The case of Sir Henry Colville is still obscure. Mr. Brodrick reserves a full statement on the part of the War Office until the case is definitely brought before the House of Commons. Meanwhile, gossip is busy. It is asserted among other things that Sir Henry Colville was exonerated by Lord Wolseley, and afterwards condemned by Lord Roberts. It appears, however, that the order which led to Sir Henry Colville's return from Gibraltar was issued by Sir Evelyn Wood in the interregnum between Lord Wolseley's retirement and Lord Roberts's homecoming.

Lieutenant-Colonel the Right Hon. Sir Fleetwood Isham Edwards, K.C.B., has been appointed Serjeant-at-Arms in the House of Lords, and has, moreover, been given the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order in recognition of his devoted service to Queen Victoria.

Born in 1842, he was educated at Harrow, and after a course at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, he entered the Royal Engineers, becoming Captain in 1877, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1890, and retiring in 1895. At the end of the 'sixties he served as

Lord Suffield, A.D.C., is one of the oldest members of the Household of the new King, having been his Lord

of the Bedchamber since 1872. He served also Queen Victoria, having been a Lord-in-Waiting from 1868 to 1872; and he was Master of the Royal Buckhounds in 1886. He was Chief of the Staff to his Majesty in his expedition to India in 1875, and has held for many years the post of his Superintendent of the Stables. Lord Suffield, who is seventy years of age, has seen no active service, but he has belonged to the 7th Hussars, the Lancashire Yeomanry, and the 3rd Norfolk Volunteers, which he raised in 1856. He has been a Militiaman as well; for the Norfolk Artillery Militia was under his command from 1866 to 1892. For many years he has been Master of the Norfolk Foxhounds and Stagbonds.

Mr. Conger has obtained three months' leave of absence from Peking, and it is not expected that he will return. He is said to desire the Governorship of Iowa; and this must be, at all events, a safer post than that of American Minister in China. When Mr. Conger reappears at Washington, he ought to have some noteworthy conversations with Wu-Ting-Fang, the Chinese Minister there, who did his best, when Mr. Conger was fighting for his life, to persuade the Washington Cabinet that there was no danger.

The vacancy in the post of Permanent Under Secretary of State for War, occasioned by the retirement of Sir

Ralph Knox, is to be filled by Colonel Edward Willis Duncan Ward, C.B. Born at Oban in 1853, he entered the Army in 1874, and eleven years later became Major, Army Service Corps. He was Lieutenant-Colonel in 1890, and was promoted Brevet-Colonel in 1898. He was with the Sudan Expedition in 1885; was on special service ten years later with the Ashanti Expedition. He was Deputy-Assistant

Adjutant-General on the Headquarter Staff, Ireland, before he took the duties of a similar post for the Home District. In 1899 he went to Natal as Assistant Adjutant-General. His services in provisioning Ladysmith and in economising its supplies, and again his excellent arrangements as Chief Supply Officer on Lord Roberts's march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria, have had the official praise which is their due. Colonel Ward has earned a popularity of his own as Hon. Secretary of the Royal Military Tournament.

A new sixpenny monthly magazine that deserves to succeed, if only it can overcome the local limitations of its title, *Kensington*, takes as its province literature, art, and the drama. To the first number, dated for March 1, a representative body of writers, including Sir George Douglas, contribute.

Sir Francis Cook, Viscount Montserrat in the peerage of Portugal, whose death took place at Doughty House, Richmond, had reached the venerable age of eighty-four years. The son of William Cook, of Royden, Kent, he was the head of the large firm of Cook, Son, and Co., whose warehouses are in St. Paul's Churchyard. Sir Francis, who took an interest in City affairs, and whose Baronetcy dates from 1886, devoted a good deal of time, taste, and money to the acquisition of a collection of pictures. His purchases had, perhaps, the usual turns of bad fortune; but they included, on the other hand, the acquisition of many undoubted masterpieces. Sir Francis was twice married, the second

time to Tennessee, daughter of R. B. Claflin, of New York. He is succeeded by the son of his first marriage, who was born in 1844, is in his father's business, and has sat in Parliament for Kennington since 1895.

Mrs. Botha, who has been visiting her husband, General Louis Botha, has returned to Pretoria. General Botha continues his resistance to the British arms, but thinks that his wife will be more comfortable under British protection than under his own. This is a useful commentary on the tales of British inhumanity. Mrs. Kruger, also, is so comfortable at Pretoria that she does not propose to join her husband in Europe.

The French Chamber has voted for the proposal to levy a tax of 64 per cent. on the largest fortunes in France. This may stagger the opponents of Sir William Harcourt's Death Duties. Nobody in Paris seems to be alarmed. Many of the wealthy Deputies who voted for the scheme are tranquilly expecting the Senate to reject it. If it were passed every French millionaire would simply remove his property elsewhere.

Major-General Sir Henry Ewart, K.C.B., has had a particularly busy time of late in the discharge of his duties as Crown Equerry. It was thanks to his careful rehearsal that there was no mishap among the King's horses and among the King's men on the day of the great Funeral Procession. In that procession he himself had a place following the foreign royalties. The son of the Rev. P. Ewart, of Kirklington, Yorkshire, Sir Henry was born in 1838; he was educated at Eton and Oxford, and he commanded the 2nd Life Guards

in 1878, twenty years after he joined the regiment. He led the Household Cavalry in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and commanded a cavalry brigade in the Sudan in 1885. On his return from this campaign he received the K.C.B. and the appointment of Equerry to the Queen, a post he held till 1895, when he was promoted to be Crown Equerry. Sir Henry Ewart married, in 1888, Evelyn, daughter of the first Earl of Ancaster.

The case of Vera Gelo, who tried to shoot M. Emile Deschanel, has not yet been tried; but this hasty lady has had an interview with her friend who intercepted the bullets, and is still in hospital. Vera Gelo said she mistook M. Deschanel, who is over eighty, for somebody who insulted her at Geneva.

Sir Arthur John Bigge, K.C.B., C.M.G., who was Private Secretary to her late Majesty, and now fills the same post in the household of her grandson, the Duke of Cornwall and York, is the son of the Rev. J. S. Bigge, Vicar of Stamfordham, and was born in 1849. Entering the Royal Artillery when he was twenty, he served in the Zulu War in 1878-79, in the latter year becoming A.D.C. to Sir Evelyn Wood. In 1880 he became Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, and Assistant Private Secretary. In the year following Sir Arthur Bigge became Equerry-in-Ordinary; and afterwards Equerry to Queen Victoria.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan has succeeded in establishing the United States Steel Trust, with a capital of 229 millions sterling. This is believed to be a serious threat to the British steel and iron trade, already pressed very hard by American competition.

Mr. O'Donnell is not the only member of the Irish Party who speaks Erse. Mr. T. Harrington, who will shortly be Lord Mayor of Dublin, has an equal command of the Irish language; but it has never occurred to him that he ought to employ that language in the House of Commons. It will be interesting to see whether he will speak Erse or English at the meetings of the Dublin Corporation. Erse is a beautiful tongue, but it is unsuited for public business.

Bridecakes are generally classed among the possessions that perish. They have their day, and then they die, and the bill is their epitaph. But the bride's father may henceforth console himself that there are cakes—even these very heavy cakes—which become, after long keeping, worth their weight in gold. A slice of Queen Victoria's wedding-cake, for instance, came under the hammer the other day, with the original envelope and box, as sent from Buckingham Palace by the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray, the Master of the Household, and franked at Pimlico.

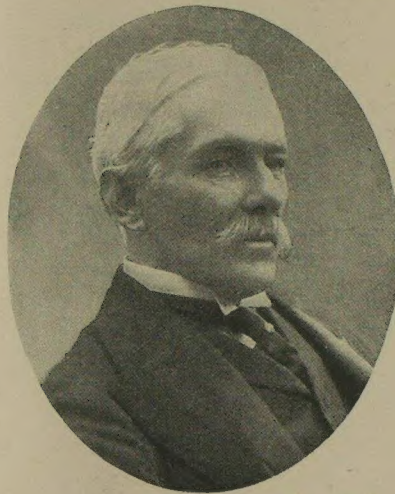


Photo. Russell.  
SIR FLEETWOOD EDWARDS,  
New Serjeant-at-Arms in the House of Lords.

A.D.C. and Private Secretary to the Governor of Bermuda, and the earlier 'seventies found him Assistant-Inspector of Works at the Royal Arsenal. He became A.D.C. to the Inspector-General of Fortifications, and in 1878 accompanied General Sir Lintorn Simmons to the Congress of Berlin. Immediately on his return he entered the Household service of Queen Victoria as Assistant Keeper of the Privy Purse and Assistant Private Secretary, becoming in due course Groom-in-Waiting, Receiver-General of the Duchy of Lancaster, Secretary of the Royal Victorian Order, Extra Equerry, and Keeper of the Privy Purse. Sir Fleetwood has been twice married, the second time, in 1880, to Mary, daughter of the late Major John Majendie, of the 92nd Highlanders.

Another name familiar in the Royal Household is that of Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, G.C.B., whose experience as Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's department

was gained in the service of the late monarch. The sixth son of the fourth Earl of Bessborough by Maria Fane, daughter of the tenth Earl of Westmorland, he was born in 1824, was educated at home, and early entered the Foreign Office. He was Attaché at Washington—the unrecognisable Washington of more than fifty years ago; and he served as Private Secretary in succession to

Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, and Lord Granville. In 1847 he married Louisa, third daughter of the thirteenth Viscount Dillon, and a quarter of a century ago he assumed his mother's name of Fane.

M. Paul Deschanel, President of the French Chamber, has excited hostile comment in Paris by wearing a frock-coat at his wedding instead of evening-dress. Moreover, when he and his wife arrived at Cannes for the honeymoon, they called themselves by the name of Dubreuil. These startling innovations have caused a great stir in Paris, and their influence on the destiny of the Republic is discussed by all parties. Strange to say, the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry has not been interpellated on the subject.

Nowhere is fame more fickle than in the United States. One national hero, an Admiral of renown, recently lost public favour because he married. Now, a brother Admiral—Admiral Sampson—has written a letter which pulls down on his head the whole fabric of his popularity. The letter, addressed to Naval Secretary Long, protested against certain raisings from the ranks, and was not meant for publication. "Splendid in battle, but failures in a ball-room," was the Admiral's comment on the warrant-officer—true, perhaps, but hardly to the point. Admiral Sampson is now angrily accused, not only of breaking democratic faith, but of having, in his youth, broken stones on the road.

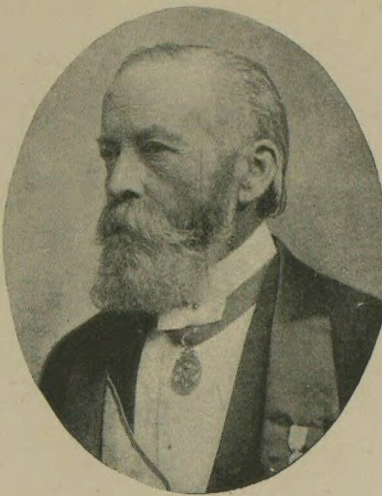


Photo. Russell.  
LORD SUFFIELD, A.D.C.,  
New Lord-in-Waiting to the King.



Photo. Dickinson.  
COLONEL WARD,  
New Permanent Under Secretary of State for War.

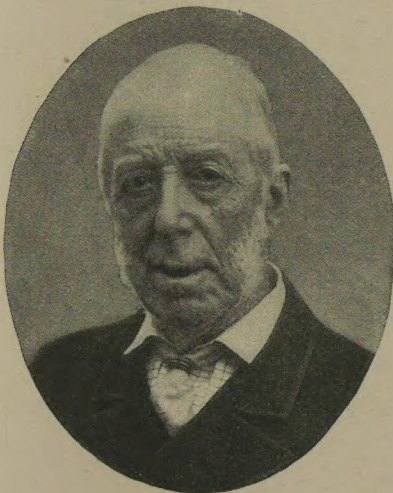


Photo. Russell.  
SIR SPENCER PONSONBY-FANE,  
Retiring Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's  
Department.



Photo. Russell.  
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. P. EWART,  
Crown Equerry.

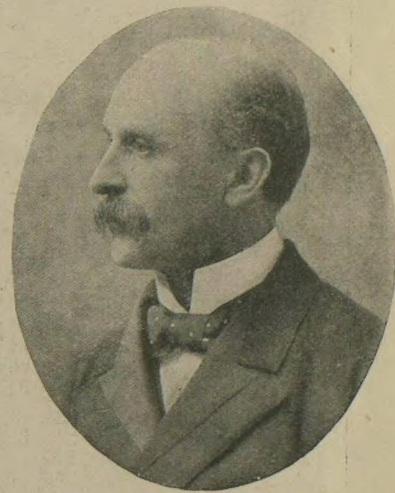


Photo. Russell.  
SIR ARTHUR BIGGE,  
New Private Secretary to the Duke  
of Cornwall and York.



Photo. Byrne, Richmond.  
THE LATE SIR FRANCIS COOK, BART.,  
Viscount of Montserrat, in Portugal.



KING EDWARD VII'S VISIT TO GERMANY.



THE KING'S ARRIVAL AT FLUSHING.

DRAWN BY MR. H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT FLUSHING.

*The King's arrival was practically of a private nature, all official ceremony being omitted. On landing, his Majesty proceeded immediately to his railway-carriage, en route for Cronberg.*



# MISS WILLIAMSON.

By MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.



Illustrated by S. Begg.

[Copyright in America by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, 1901.]

EDWARD TRAVERS had been taking out a year's leave in England. The cold had worried him a good deal, and country-houses and London society alike bored him; but he struggled through the winter, even to the end of the Easter holidays. Then he sprained his foot, which obliged him to lie up, and gave him time for reflection. Let it be said here that he was four-and-thirty, and good-looking. He cared little for frivolities; he read books when they were not too stodgy; but he was neither particularly learned nor highly cultured. He had agreeable manners and pleasant instincts; he was affectionate to his sisters, though he could get along well enough without them; staunch to his friends, though he did not care to see too much of them, or easily make acquaintance. As for falling in love, it simply did not occur to him: life was pleasant enough; why complicate it with untried conditions?

"I think I shall go and do a travel," he said to his mother when his foot was better. "There are some ships that go from Liverpool along the Mediterranean. From Genoa I could easily get to Milan and the Italian Lakes, over a Pass into Switzerland, and wait there for you all." The Travers family went to the Engadine every August as naturally as it went to church every Sunday. "Then we could be together till I had to hurry back to the coast and catch ship for Bombay." It was a peculiarity of his that the laying out of a programme meant, as a rule, a sense of obligation to carry it through.

Tom Darton went down to Liverpool to see him off. The *Arab* was not to sail till three, so they lunched at the hotel, and were as silent as old chums—they had been

at Woolwich together—often are when a parting is at hand. Darton tried to talk of the people and doings they both remembered; but it was no good. Then he noticed a woman, quietly dressed in some sort of dark woollen stuff and a black hat, close-fitting and soft, lurching alone at the next table. Thin and careworn-looking, even a little insignificant at the first glance, and not young—three or four and thirty, perhaps—there was something pathetic about her, and a half-hunted look in her eyes that arrested attention.

"I think I have seen her before," Darton said; "her face seems to be familiar. Wonder who she is?"

"Sensible, anyhow," Travers answered. "Mutton chop and a glass of claret. I can't stand a woman who has a poached egg and a cup of tea in the middle of the day: you may take it as a pretty safe rule that she doesn't know much and is tiresome." Then the talk drifted into other channels, and the solitary woman was forgotten.

Late in the afternoon, when Travers stood watching the shore retreating into the already dim distance, he saw her again. She was leaning over the side of the ship watching, with an eager, thankful expression—for there was no one else about, and she imagined herself unobserved—the vanishing land. Travers looked at her for a moment; and wheeled round to retreat. Suddenly the sprained foot gave way, and he went down. An exclamation of pain and vexation escaped him, for it was mortifying to measure his length at a strange woman's feet. She turned quickly, and put out a hand to help him, but it was unnecessary.

"You are hurt," she said. "You must be hurt." Her tone was half-frightened, half-compassionate.

"It's nothing," he answered; "thank you very much. I sprained my foot pretty badly six weeks ago, and ought to be more careful."

"Of course you ought; a sprain is such a slow thing to recover from." Her voice was deep and sweet; it seemed to burrow its way right into his heart; but his foot was hurting, and she saw it.

"Sit down and rest," she said; "you are in pain. This floor is so slippery. Stay, let me get you a deck-chair."

"This will do quite well." He sat down gratefully on the seat along the bulwarks, while she remained standing beside him. "They made me try the new dodge—walking," he explained; "but it is rather weak still—gives way at unexpected moments."

"You ought to rest it well," she said, still compassionate: "and you will be able to do that easily on board ship."

"I am only going as far as Genoa. I wanted to make my way from there over the St. Gothard and do some walking."

"It won't be safe," she said, and looked up at him with an air of conviction that was impressive. He saw that her eyes were grey, deep and clear, and that the half-hunted look of the morning had gone from them. "You mustn't walk for a long time," she added; "at least not much." There was an irresistible magnetism about her—he felt it without knowing it.

"It is a great bore," he said; and there was a pause. Then suddenly he asked: "Didn't I see you lurching at the North-Western to-day?"



He noticed a woman . . . lurching alone at the next table.



"Yes, I was there."

"Are you going far by this ship?"

There are some questions people are always privileged to ask their fellow-passengers.

"To Naples."

"The orange-trees will be in bloom; but it doesn't do to stay there long—too unhealthy."

"I am going to stay above it—at Posilipo." She said it reluctantly.

"I know Posilippo. There's a little restaurant up there where one goes to breakfast, you know."

"I don't know anything about it yet," she answered distantly. "I have never been there." She turned away as if she were going below, then hesitated, and looked back. "You must be careful of your foot," she said. "Could I fetch you a stick, or give you an arm to the stairs if you are going down?" Her manner was quite indifferent; it showed no desire to strike up acquaintance, rather the reverse. She was evidently merely doing her Christian duty towards the stranger.

"Oh, I shall manage all right," he said gratefully, and she slowly went her way. "She doesn't look more than eight-and-twenty when she speaks," he thought. "Wonder who she is. Probably a strolling spinster"—for he had noticed that she wore no wedding-ring on the third finger of her left hand—"dissatisfied and restless, as women of her age often are. But she's rather nice. I like her, somehow."

An hour or two later, when he sat down for the first time to dinner on board the *Arab*, he found that his place was next hers.

"We are to be neighbours for a whole week," he said, "unless you object."

"I am not likely to object," she said gravely. "Why should I?"

She was very unsophisticated, he thought.

"People sometimes become very intimate on board ship in a week, then go their ways, and usually never set eyes on each other again. I often watch them on the way out."

"Do you travel so much, then?"

"I have been to and fro a good deal. I am a soldier—going back to India in October—on leave till then." He paused, thinking she might give him some information about herself, but she said nothing. He noticed that she had a beautifully shaped head and soft brown hair that grew close round her ears, and was coiled up very simply at the back. She looked up once, as if trying to take in the evidently novel scene about her, and he saw that the grey eyes had long, dark lashes. It was very odd about this woman, he thought; at first sight she seemed insignificant, then gradually you felt that there was something almost beautiful about her; but her attractions came out slowly, and one by one, as stars do in the twilight. "Do you know any of the people here?" he asked, simply to make talk.

"Not a soul," she answered. "I don't want to know them," she added, half to herself.

"Well, they are rather an ungodly looking set. Most of them will probably be invisible by this time to-morrow—perhaps you will too."

"Oh, no," she answered with a little shudder; "nothing will hurt me. I mean to sit on deck all the time and feel the four winds of heaven."

"Blowing away the cares of life, eh?"

A sudden idea seemed to dart from her eyes. "Yes, blowing them all away," she said. "I wonder if they will."

She seemed unwilling to talk, and he liked her for it. He hated people who snatched at a new acquaintance, who chattered at tables-d'hôte, and hung about hotels to attract attention: they belonged to a definite class he despised. He was vexed with himself for trying to draw her out; he felt as if he were forcing himself upon her, though, for the life of him, he couldn't help it.

She disappeared quickly when the dinner was over, but he saw her an hour later. He grew tired of the smoking-place and the group that filled it, and went to try if, with the help of a stick and under cover of the darkness, he could manage to drag his foot along for a few turns on deck: he meant to be careful this time and not to sprawl on the floor again. Then he saw her, leaning over the bulwark again. The lamps from the saloon shed blurred lengths of light on the waves that broke softly against the ship, while the entrancing sound of cutting through the water, of going onward and away, that always excited him at the beginning of a voyage, made an accompaniment to the stirring in his heart. He passed quite near her, and was rather ashamed of it; but it was so dark that at first he had not really made her out. She looked up and recognised him.

"Ought you to be walking?" she asked. "Is your foot better?"

"It is getting all right, thank you—only a little stiff." He hesitated, and then said shyly, nodding to the distance: "May I come and look out too?"

She made a movement of assent and he stood by her, leaning on the rail as she was doing. She looked at him for a moment; the shadows seemed to make way for her face, and he saw it quite clearly. It gave him a little thrill, and he wondered what it meant; for he was a hardened sinner, he thought, four-and-thirty, with the remembrance of many seasons, not only in England but at

Simla; never in love in his life, or at least only once for a month, when he was nineteen, with Dolly Ronaldson, who laughed at him and married the curate. He was used to P. and O.'s, too; up to the ways of enterprising damsels, and giddy grass widows ready to beguile the monotony of a voyage in any way to which the other sex would respond. And yet, for no reason at all that he could define, here was this little woman in black, with a pale face and a pair of big eyes, stealing over his senses and rousing not only his curiosity, but some sort of feeling that made him eager to listen to her, grateful to stand beside her, and that set him wondering about her past and future. Quite suddenly she asked a question—

"I wish you would tell me your name?" she said.

"Travers," he answered quickly. "Edward Travers. I know who you are," he added. She started a little, and looked at him: it seemed as if she held her breath. He thought she resented his curiosity. "Miss Henrietta Williamson—I saw it in the passenger list."

"Oh!"

"And you are travelling alone?"

"Yes, alone."

"No one even to see you off to-day?"

"No one." Then she asked him something else. "Tell me who you are. I know your name quite well."

"My governor's name, I expect you mean; he is a Judge, you know."

"I have seen him—somewhere," she added, after a moment's hesitation. "I have heard that he is a very kind man."

"Awfully kind. It breaks his heart if he has to hang anybody." Someone at the piano below played a German air. He stopped for a moment and listened. "That tune brings back things," he said. "We used to call it 'The Long Indian Day' at Simla."

"It's 'Herz, mein Herz.'"

"It makes me think of the Waylett case last year."

She turned and looked at him again. Her face flashed something that was like defiance.

"Why?" she asked.

"My father was trying it. We were waiting for the verdict at home, just before dinner—for it was late when it finished. We felt certain she would be found guilty, and we knew what it would be to my father to sentence her, because he was so sorry for her. And it's an awful thing, you know, for anyone to be hanged, especially a woman."

"What has 'Herz, mein Herz,' to do with it?" she asked. She had put her elbows on the rail, and, supporting her chin on her hands, was looking straight out to sea again.

"A brass band was playing it in the square when the telegram came—he always telegraphs his big verdicts home. Ten minutes later he returned. He had summed up in her favour—"

"Yes?" Her voice was faint, as if she took but little interest in the subject.

"—For he said that even if she had done it, the man was such a brute that he deserved it. I believe some of the jury felt that too."

"Besides," she said almost bitterly, "we might generally spare ourselves the trouble of setting out pains and penalties for criminals. Greater punishment is generally attached to the crime than any that can be invented outside it."

"Oh, come"—he was a little shocked—"we must have laws and things, you know."

But she answered nothing.

"Are you going to stay long at Naples?" he asked, by way of changing the conversation.

"I don't know."

"Not going to friends?"

"I am going to an old friend of my mother's"; and then, with a sudden rush of confidence, "she is badly off, and keeps a pension there."

"Shall you stay long?"

"I don't know. All my life perhaps—or only a day. I wish I had travelled," she went on suddenly. "I have been nowhere. I want to see everything in the world. I think one ought; and somehow I will."

She lifted her chin, and doubled her fists beneath it. Her tone was determined; she spoke as if for a moment she had forgotten that she was with a stranger.

"That's right," he said. "I don't think that I should be content with a little slice of the world myself."

She turned away. Evidently she took no interest in what might or might not content him.

"I'm going down," she said; "it is time."

"Have you got a good state-room?"

"Yes, thank you; and a woman who appears to be quiet enough has the other berth." She stopped while she spoke and looked round, as if into the shadows that crowded over the deck.

"Rather a bore, though, having anybody at all, isn't it?"

"Oh, no," she answered, with a little shudder; "I hate being alone." Then she disappeared into the darkness. He felt as if a mystery went with her.

## II.

Ten days later the *Arab* had battled across the Bay of Biscay into calm seas, coaled at Gibraltar, ploughed

through the treacherous Gulf of Lyons, and was within a few hours of Genoa. It seemed to Edward Travers that he had lived years since he left Liverpool—long, satisfying, dreamy years. Miss Williamson had proved herself as excellent a sailor as he himself was, and they had been almost inseparable. Their companionship was for the most part a silent one; neither was a great talker; but each seemed instinctively and almost unconsciously to seek the other if they were but an hour apart. Through long days of rough weather, when everything was battered down, and all the other passengers were invisible, they sat in the saloon, reading generally, but sending now and then a look or word across the space between them, till it was possible to creep out to the deck once more. Then, as a matter of course, they went together, for an hour at first, and then for whole long hours, that sped as the ship did through the rushing water. Gradually the air became like velvet, and happiness seemed to be softly stealing towards them—or so he felt. To her it was different. The sound of the screw, the calming of the leaping waves, the sight of a distant sail, and of nothing else save sea and sky, the long deck, and the white awning that had just been put up over it, the wonderful morning when she first saw Gibraltar and the dim African shore far away—everything seemed to burn its memory into her heart and soul. She neither looked forward nor backward; she just dared to live, and that was all: love and remembered hate, despair, desperation, and maddening dread, each had their hold of her in turn. Travers found her difficult and reticent, though now she allowed him to stay beside her on deck, or in the saloon, as naturally as he took his place beside her at dinner, and gradually she waited and watched for him. Most of the other passengers had been invisible till the night they sighted the lights of Lisbon. The two people who had seen each other casually for the first time at a Liverpool hotel seemed to have inherited a world to themselves. And if the woman stared fate in the eyes dumbfounded, the man was unafraid. He knew perfectly that he had fallen in love with Miss Williamson, that all the years that had been his hills of defence were levelled under her passing footstep. He hungered, thirsted, panted to know more of her, to wake her from the half-sorry dream that it struck him sometimes she had found life, to rouse her into happiness from the sad apology for it that he imagined the world made her now, to know everything about her, above all, to see the grey eyes, that he could swear remembered sorrow, light up with love—and love of him.

"By Jove!" he said to himself. "I have come a cropper this time, and for a woman I had not set eyes on ten days ago. What an ass I am! But she's like no one I ever saw on earth before. If I could make her care for me, what a time I'd give her in India!" He was not going to leave the ship at Genoa. He remembered that it was four years since he had seen Naples, he thought that it would be rather a good idea to go on; besides, he told her, it was better for his foot, which was getting strong: a few days more would make a difference to it.

"It seems as if we have known each other for years," he said, as they sat on their deck-chairs that night. The watch had just been changed; there had been a rumour of phosphorescence; the air was soft and warm, the breath of Italy was in it; the delicious sound of the water was in their ears; the whole world seemed half an enchantment. "To-morrow we shall be at Genoa. We ought to land for a little while; I should like to show you the Red Palace, if you will let me."

"I am sorry we are coming to the land again," she said. "I should like to stay on the sea for ever—yet I want to see everything."

"How is it you have never been away before?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. He knew as little about her as he had done on the day they first met. She listened to everything he said concerning himself, but she told him nothing of her own history.

"Perhaps you had relations to look after?"

"Yes, I had them to look after," she hesitated; then she went on: "There were a great many of us at home, and I was the eldest. We were poor, and had no time to go about. I used to teach my little sisters their French verbs and make them play their scales, till I was eighteen. That was ten years ago; I feel like a haggard old woman, but I am only eight-and-twenty."

"But you have not just left home?"

"I left it when I was nineteen. I went—to take care of someone. I don't want to talk about it," she added; "but I have never had any happiness—never in my life—and I have longed for it so much." Then, with a queer jerk of her voice, she went on: "You spoke of the Waylett case the other night; your father tried it—do you remember? I knew that woman, and I have longed for happiness just as she did—"

"You knew her?" He was almost startled.

"Yes, I knew her very well."

"Do you think she did it?"

"I can't tell you that; but I know that she married him to escape from poverty and worry. He treated her shamefully. He grudged every penny she spent or cost, and any moment's peace that seemed possible. The world is better without such men. If she killed him, she lost her soul in doing a righteous deed, and it was her desperate



hunger for happiness that made her do it—if she did do it, I say.”

“What I couldn’t stand about her was that, after she was acquitted, she calmly proved his will and took his money. He couldn’t have been such a very bad chap, for he left her all he had.”

“He couldn’t take it with him,” she said grimly.

“Do you know what became of her?”

“She disappeared. I suppose she is an outcast for ever.”

“Well, crime or no crime, she hasn’t gained happiness yet.”

“People never gain it; they only pursue it.”

“By Heaven!” he said, with sudden emotion, “what an awful thing to be that woman!”

“But there are so many awful things in the world,” she said. “It’s just a chance which variety we draw.”

“You must have suffered horribly,” he said uneasily, “to speak as you have done to-night.”

“Perhaps.”

“Anyhow, you’re not as badly off as the Waylett woman is—if she did it. I mean, you’ve nothing in your mind.”

“No,” she said; “I suppose not. I have certainly done nothing that I would not do over again; though I suppose we have all done some things that we regret.” She looked over her shoulder in the odd way that characterised her, as if she were half afraid of the dark. “But sometimes we do such desperate things to gain happiness, only to lose its possibility,” she went on almost in a whisper. “We are like slaves who make a desperate struggle for freedom but only make their captivity worse.”

“Why do you harp so much on happiness? I wish you would tell me about yourself,” he said suddenly. “Is it—I mean, have you cared for someone?”

“No,” she said in a low voice, “I have never loved anyone”—she hesitated almost as if she were going to say “before,” and chose her words carefully—“in the way you mean—in my whole life. Perhaps that is really the tragedy of it.”

“Won’t you trust me, then?” he said hoarsely. “We have only known each other a few days, but we have hurried years into them. I feel towards you as I never felt yet towards mortal woman, but when I reach out to you in my thoughts it is into the unknown or the darkness—”

“Into the darkness,” she echoed.

“Tell me about yourself,” he said passionately. He rose and pulled her gently from her seat, and putting his arm about her waist, drew her gently towards the end of the ship. It was dark, and none could see them: the deck was deserted, and none could hear. “Trust me with your whole life. Tell me if I may care for you, if you could ever come to think of me. It is such a little while since we met, but we are not strangers. I feel as if we had started out from opposite ends of the world to meet each other.”

“I have felt it too,” and, as if against her will, she drew closer to him.

“I love you,” he said. “I swear I love you.”

A little sound came from her lips. She put her arms up softly round his neck. “I think it is killing me,” she whispered.

“No, no; it is all right,” he answered. “We are not fools; we can’t have made a mistake. We love each other, and there is no reason why we should not—”

“Love you,” she said; “I feel as if I stood by Heaven’s open door; but I shall never enter it.”

“You will,” he said, “you shall. We will walk Heaven’s whole length together. Oh, my beloved woman, whom God has given me!” But she only shuddered at his words.

“God will take me from you,” she said.

“Why should He be so cruel?”

“Say you love me—say it again. It goes through me,” she said desperately.

“I love you!” he repeated. “I love you!” He held her in his arms while he kissed her long and slow, and felt as if the world stood still to let them drink deep of love. Suddenly through the darkness they heard footsteps.

A grey, damp morning; the beauty of Genoa hidden in mist and rain. Travers, lying in his cabin, awoke with the sound of the drip-dripping on the deck. “Italy and rain!” he thought. “I won’t get up till the bell rings. It may clear up in a couple of hours; we can do nothing in a downpour.” There were footsteps overhead. Someone was going on shore—ship’s officers, probably, to get fresh food for breakfast. He heard the sound of a boat being let down, the splash of oars as it went towards land; but it was no concern of his. He dozed off, wondering what she would say when she met him; he could not divine in his hazy thoughts the manner of hour they would spend next; but time would make it plain. Why hurry or forestall it?

It was nine o’clock when he awoke. The breakfast-bell had rung. He dressed quickly, but before he was ready someone knocked at his door—the steward with a letter.

“Miss Williamson gave it me this morning, Sir. She changed her mind about going to Naples, and was put ashore with her luggage; said she was going on by train somewhere else.” Travers took the letter without a word. He shut the door and stood staring at it, listening the while to the steward’s retreating steps along the passage; they sounded like the drawing back of life. Then slowly he opened the envelope. It contained a little bit of folded newspaper and a note, which he read at a glance—

I told you that I stood on the steps before the open door of Heaven; now I am closing it upon myself for ever. Good-bye.

He put it down bewildered, and unfolded the bit of newspaper. It was evidently a cutting—a portrait of Miss Williamson badly reproduced, but unmistakable. Under it was printed: “Mrs. Waylett. Acquitted last week for murdering her husband.” Against it, in pencil, was the date of a year ago, and the words “I did it.” He looked at them for a moment stupefied. Then he remembered her kisses, and her arms—how they had stolen closer and closer round his neck, and a groan escaped him.

The steward came again a little later. “Beg pardon, Sir, but shall I bring you some breakfast?”

“No, no, I am coming.” He reached out his hand for a match-case, and setting fire to the letter and the bit of newspaper, watched them slowly burn away. Then he gathered

up the ashes, lest anyone should enter and divine what they had been, and put them through the porthole; but he did not see them as they vanished, or know the direction in which the wind scattered them.

THE END.

There was a brilliant assemblage of Bishops at the consecration held at St. Margaret’s, Westminster, on Quinquagesima Sunday. Among those who walked in the procession were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Winchester, Bath and Wells, Peterborough, Bristol, and St. Albans. Prebendary Ridgeway preached an admirable sermon, in which he explained the position and duties of suffragans. He made a charming reference to his own brother, the Bishop-Designate of Kensington. It was stated that neither of the new Bishoprics has any endowment, and that the holders are dependent on other offices in the Church, or, it may be, on their private means.



“I cannot!” she said. “I cannot. Let me go.”

“Who is it?” she cried, starting.

“It is only the captain. How nervous you are!”

“He frightened me,” she whispered. “I thought—”

“A dark night,” the captain said cheerily; “doesn’t look as if we should beat Genoa in the morning, does it?”

“What time do we get in?”

“About seven, I hope, and out again at night. Just a day there,” and he passed on.

“A long, good day,” Travers said, as he turned to her again. But she held him away from her.

“I cannot!” she said. “I cannot. Let me go. Tomorrow you will understand.” He took the two hands she was holding out and stooped and kissed them. “I want to tell you again,” she went on under her breath. “I have never loved anyone in my whole life before—I mean, in this way. It has changed everything.” She drew her hands away, and in a moment she had vanished altogether.



## CITIZEN SOLDIERS OF CAPE TOWN.

The early days of the New Year were stirring ones in Cape Colony, stirred anew by rumours of De Wet's invasion. There was a call to arms and a response worthy of the occasion. Every day brought its crowd of enthusiastic recruits. A special mounted guard was formed to patrol the Cape peninsula. At Simon's Town in one day three hundred and fifty men were enrolled, and the majority consisted of dockyard labourers. At Prieska the Town Guard consisted of nearly all the loyal adult male population, and at Somerset East nearly all the professional and business men were enrolled. General Brabant was kept busy as organiser-in-chief in Cape Town. The Cape Town Cycle Corps and the Western Province Mounted Rifles were the first to start for the front. The Harbour Board in Cape Town furnished a contingent of 100 men, and the railway men formed a mounted contingent on their own account. In a few days nearly 6000 men had been recruited, no fewer than 900 applications being received in a single day. These figures tell their own story. But a nearer realisation of the hopes and fears for which they stand is afforded by our illustration of the great parade of the Town Guard—to the number of about 3000—which took place in Cape Town in the main square on the afternoon of Saturday, Jan. 12. Mr. George Meredith somewhere says that Nature always lends herself to scenes of noble combat—she “lights the lamps” and lends



Photo. S. S. Watkinson.

PROCLAMATION OF KING EDWARD VII. AT PIETERMARITZBURG: SIR WALTER HELY-HUTCHINSON, RETIRING GOVERNOR, READING THE PROCLAMATION AT PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

the fit accessories. These accidents were not absent on the occasion in question; but the essence of the scene was the display of valour and of loyalty, and the exhibition of that primal instinct which the civilised man and the savage hold in common—the instinct to defend by life; it need be, home and wife and child. And this in Cape Town with these very wives and children as onlookers! The element of wonder was not wanting to heighten the emotions of the multitude who listened to General Brabant's inspiring address. With the General were the officers in actual command, among them Colonel Cooper, and his Chief of Staff, Captain Molyneux Seel.

## PROCLAIMING EDWARD VII. IN PIETERMARITZBURG.

On Monday, Jan. 28, King Edward VII. was proclaimed at Pietermaritzburg. Current events conspired to make the ceremony one of specially moving interests and emotions. A novel function it was in any case and everywhere at the close of the longest reign. But there was another inherent freshness in the fact that the Ruler of England was for the first time also the “Overlord of the Transvaal.” The Governor read the official document before the Legislative Assembly in presence of a great gathering of spectators, including various native chiefs. Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, upon whom devolved the honour of making the Proclamation, has been Governor of Natal and Zululand since 1893.



Photo. Peters, Cape Town.

THE INVASION OF CAPE COLONY: THE NEW TOWN GUARD OF CAPE TOWN ASSEMBLED ON JANUARY 12 FOR INSPECTION BY GENERAL BRABANT.

The corps, which includes horse and foot, artillery and cyclists, numbered about 3000 men.





THE 1<sup>ST</sup> PRUSSIAN DRAGOONS, OF WHICH QUEEN ALEXANDRA SUCCEEDS QUEEN VICTORIA AS HONORARY COLONEL.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKROEK.





A LESSON OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA: HOW OUR TROOPS FOUGHT AT BELMONT.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.





A LESSON OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA: HOW OUR TROOPS FIGHT NOW.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



KING EDWARD VII.'S VISIT TO GERMANY.



THE KING'S ARRIVAL AT PORT VICTORIA: ILLUMINATION OF THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

DRAWN BY MR. C. DE LACY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORT VICTORIA.



# KING EDWARD VII.'S VISIT TO GERMANY.



HAMBURG, WHICH KING EDWARD PASSED THROUGH ON HIS WAY TO FRIEDRICHSHOF.  
 Photograph by Hoppmann and Co., Hamburg.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK (PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND) IN EARLY LIFE.  
 Engraved from a Photograph by Mayall.

CRONBERG, WITH THE SCHLOSS FRIEDRICHSHOF.  
 Photograph by Frith, Reigate.

SCHLOSS FRIEDRICHSHOF, CRONBERG, WHERE KING EDWARD VISITED THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.  
 Photograph by Frith, Reigate.

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS FREDERICK (PRESENT DAY).  
 Photograph by Voigt, Hamburg.





KING EDWARD RECEIVING THE UNIVERSITY DEPUTATIONS: LORD SALISBURY, THE CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD, PRESENTING THE ADDRESS AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE ON FEBRUARY 23.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*A Daughter of the Fields.* By Katharine Tynan. (London: Smith, Elder, 6s.)  
*A Woman Tenderfoot.* By Grace G. Seton-Thompson. (London: Nutt, 6s.)  
*A Year of Life.* By W. S. Lilly. (London: John Lane, 6s.)  
*Seventeen Lectures on the Study of Medieval and Modern History.* By William Stubbs, D.D., Bishop of Oxford. (The Clarendon Press, 8s. 6d.)  
*Spanish Highways and Byways.* By Katharine Lee Bates. (London: Macmillan, 8s. 6d.)  
*The Doctor Speaks.* By W. J. Dawson. (London: Grant Richards, 6s.)  
*Ronald Kestrel.* By A. J. Dawson. (London: Heinemann, 6s.)  
*Archbishop Plunket.* By F. D. How. (London: Isbister, 16s.)

Many things combine to make "A Daughter of the Fields" very pleasant reading; first and foremost, one soon forgets that London, with its pulsing life, lies all around; for charming Meg walks in green fields and silent, shady places, and we walk with her. Then the people one meets in Katharine Tynan's pages—dear Irish people for the most part—are always entertaining and generally lovable as well; their faults are the primitive, forgivable failings of children, while their many virtues are spontaneous as their wit. Possibly, Irish farms have their drawbacks (we have even heard this asserted with conviction), but the writer is not concerned with these, and her descriptions of their treasures—priceless china and antique silver, add sensibly to the difficulty of keeping the Tenth Commandment. The story of Meg, who has been daintily reared in a French convent, and who yet turns to and farms her own acres when the need arises, is very interesting. Her lovers are many, but one feels tolerably certain that in the end she will marry the Captain and be happy, despite the fact that he is already engaged to a very charming cousin. The author brings everyone out of a difficult situation without loss of credit; nobody, it appears, was in fault, and no one is blamed. Her book is thoroughly entertaining and wholesome—an oasis in the howling wilderness of cheap sensationalism—and will be read with pleasure by anyone who is still capable of enjoying a simple story.

The dainty, pictured pages of "A Woman Tenderfoot" are full of incident and humour, and although it is professedly a book of travels, we have here and there delightful sidelights on that perennially interesting theme—human nature. Mrs. Seton-Thompson gives quite admirable advice to "the woman who goes hunting with her husband." To look nice, it would appear, is half the battle, and never to grumble, under any circumstances, an invaluable maxim. "Think what you please, but, unless it is pleasant, don't say it." Mrs. Seton-Thompson is wise in her generation; she has no idea of being more uncomfortable than need be, and her equipment for the road leaves little to be desired: with an aluminium hot-water plate for meals, and an air-bed (with accessories) for sleeping, the discomforts of travel can be reduced to a minimum. Yet there were perils enough by the way—extremes of heat and cold to be endured; wild beasts and precipices to be avoided [how would you like to have a mountain lion sniffing round your pillow?], and many an imp of fear to be summarily dealt with. Necessity, says the old saw, is mother to invention, and perhaps Mrs. Seton-Thompson is the first person on record who can claim to have demolished a rattlesnake with the homely frying-pan. Altogether, she has had her fill of experiences; and other women with leisure and the desire of travel in their blood might do worse than follow her example. This volume is delightfully got up.

Mr. Lilly is well known as a religious, political, and theological controversialist. To this repute he seeks to add that of a novelist. "A Year of Life" is not a work of absorbing interest, but it has a considerable fund of social observation. Mr. Lilly has an intimate acquaintance with the manners of a certain section of fashionable society, and he describes them with much frankness. The story is very similar to that of Mr. Haddon Chambers's play, "The Awakening," at the St. James's Theatre. Both deal with the illicit loves of a fascinating aristocrat who, when he wants to reform, and marry a nice girl, is embarrassed by an old entanglement. In the novel the lady of the entanglement, who moves in the highest circles, explains the case to the nice girl with startling candour. In the play there is a precisely similar scene. It has been remarked with surprise that Mr. Chambers's hero, who, like Mr. Lilly's Baronet, becomes an Under-Secretary of State, is not plunged by his amorous fantasies into social disfavour. Mr. Lilly assures us that Baronets can pursue a career of this kind without exciting any serious reprobation; though, to be sure, a certain Duke does contrive at last to visit the entanglement with his displeasure. The Duke, we regret to add, is a bore of the first magnitude. He gives parties which Mr. Lilly describes in a manner obviously modelled on Disraeli. At the ducal table the Church of England, in the person of a Bishop, chats affably with the Church of Rome; an Irish journalist (an easily recognisable portrait) tells American stories which are not amusing; and a sprightly heiress, hearing the name of Mill, asks whether he is the author of "Mill on the Floss." Mr. Lilly might have spared us this ancient jest, but it is in keeping with the faded air of the company. You feel that it is just the sort of humour the Duke would

enjoy. As for the Baronet, he is too poor a creature to inspire any compassion for his woes in the silken fetters of iniquity. Perhaps Mr. Lilly wishes us to regard the appointment of such a trifle to a post in the Government as a withering satire on what Lord Rosebery calls our lack of first-rate men.

Dr. Stubbs' lectures have passed into the third edition. The first five of these are general lectures on the method of history; two are devoted to learning and literature at the Court of Henry II.; two to Henry VII.; two to Henry VIII.; two discuss the characteristic differences between mediæval and modern history. The learning is no doubt vast, the research is undeniable, but the outcome is scarcely exhilarating. We are reminded occasionally that the writer is a Bishop; he speaks in the episcopal manner. Where an ordinary person would say, "I think Henry VIII. was not so black as he is painted," your episcopal historian puts the matter thus: "I am not one of those critics who incline to a very disparaging estimate of Henry VIII. He was not, as a man, more vicious than many kings who have maintained a very fair reputation in history." Exactly; two and two do not make four—that is too dogmatic. You ought to say, "On the whole, if you consider it well, they appear to make four." So, too, one can hardly imagine a mere layman putting the following sentences at the top of a chapter—"Some things may be said but not printed, some may be printed and not published; many that are published are not and need not be read. Many more would be better left unsaid. The following pages contain a good deal that falls within each of these descriptions." The Bishop is less of a platitudinarian when he urges the uses of history in making us honest politicians, though it may be going too far to attribute the rise and influence of Germany to the devotion of its professors to history.

To their "Highways and Byways" series Messrs. Macmillan have now added a pleasant volume of rambles in Spain by Katharine Lee Bates. The writer has the

natural as anything we remember. The "kid" is the son of an ex-soldier turned 'bus-driver, and the light of his parents' eyes. All his ambition is to be a soldier some day; but death, overtaking him untimely, is met with a gallant front. His soldier's cap and little wooden sword are laid upon his pillow, in order that the dying child may the better "make believe" to be one of the wounded. There is a dash of originality about "The New Ulysses," the story of a talented, lovable, well-to-do man, who has somehow missed the best things of life and is little more than a lodger in his own house. Such a situation is probably not uncommon; but the sequel—the hero's abrupt departure to explore the far corners of the globe, is just a little startling. "The Letter H" is in a happier vein, and it is a relief in a volume singularly devoid of humour to find something at which one may smile. Mr. Dawson's insistent appeal to the emotions is apt to be wearisome. Life is more than a long series of doleful happenings; laughter lies often very near to tears, and that man is happy who, like Tammas Haggart, can see "the humorous side o' that pair o' boots."

Mr. Dawson has a new moral to teach us in his story of Ronald Kestrel. It is that a child of the Tropics who takes to literature should beware of London. Kestrel spends his childhood in Morocco. Then he wanders about the Pacific, and is found at twenty-four writing "moral subleaders" in an Australian paper. He has a talent for fiction, and on the strength of it betakes himself to London, where his early novels pass unnoticed, and he wears himself out in the effort to adopt a semi-tropical temperament to our stony thoroughfares and our heavy atmosphere. Finally he goes back to Australia with a charming wife, and finds it easier and more profitable to write for the British public there. All this is probably quite just, but it is not very exciting. It is strange that novelists still hanker after a theme that has never been made interesting yet in fiction—the sensitive literary man's struggle for success. No doubt Mr. Dawson feels acutely the pathos of Kestrel's ineffectual beating of his wings in the offices of London publishers. But it is the kind of pathos that touches no universal chord, and even those readers who know by experience what Mr. Dawson is thinking of will not find Kestrel's misfortunes very moving. Perhaps this is why the great artists do not dwell much in their novels on purely literary sensitiveness. Mr. Dawson has tried to do more than they ever ventured upon, and it is no discredit to him to have failed. The young man in a novel may be profoundly interesting in all the relations of life except those which concern his attempts to write his soul for the edification of the public. Mr. Dawson ought to have learned that lesson before. We hope it will not be lost upon him now, for he is a man of ability, and should not waste it on the impossible.

Mr. Frederick Douglas How's memoir of Archbishop Plunket revives for us the memory of one whose name must ever be honourably associated with a notable chapter of Irish history. Together with that of Archbishop Trench, whom he succeeded in the see of Dublin, his striking

personality gives something more than local colour to the moving incidents amid which the Disestablishment of the Irish Church was effected. The "positive genius for compromise" which one of his former chaplains attributes to him, was never more marked than by the way in which Lord (then Mr.) Plunket, having strenuously opposed the principle of Disestablishment, yet accepted the accomplished fact, when it came, with the good grace and the good sense to strive with equal insistence in shaping Mr. Gladstone's measure to the best interests of the Irish Church. The writer quotes the remarkable opinion expressed twenty years afterwards, in 1892, by Lord Plunket: "When I count up the advantages which have followed Disestablishment; when I think of the renewed strength and vitality which our Church has derived from the admission of the laity to an active and responsible participation in her counsels, in the disposition of her patronage, and in the financial department of her work; . . . and when I try to hold the balance evenly and weigh the losses and the gains of the whole, I say boldly and without reserve that, in my opinion at least, the gain outweighs the loss." Hardly less notable, too, was Lord Plunket's work on behalf of Irish primary education; while the strong Protestantism that made him an anti-Home Ruler, together with an element of "romance" in his nature, are explained as having prompted his crusade on behalf of the Reformed Churches on the Continent, especially in Spain and Portugal. We find, indeed, in these pages the portraiture of a singularly noble personality, in which intense religious convictions were allied with broad-minded tolerance. Those subtle and complex shades of character—at once the charm and mystery of his race—marked him in a rare degree. Said one who knew him intimately, "For good and for evil, he was Irish to the core." A saving sense of humour and a touch of true humanity won for the great ecclesiastic the love as well as the respect of all. This more personal side of his nature, as shown in the charming pictures we have of the domestic life and hospitality shared in by Lord Plunket and his noble wife at the Palace in St. Stephen's Green, affords some of the pleasantest reading in Mr. How's very interesting memoir.



PASAJES.

Reproduced from "Spanish Highways and Byways," by permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

observant eye of the new-comer, who can always produce a more copious and entertaining (if more superficial) account of a country than one who has long resided therein. She possesses, too, the ready pen which can interpret observation, picturesquely, and a sympathetic insight into the character of "the Spaniard." On the former count, take the sketch of Pasajes, the Basque village that "clings with difficulty to its stony strip between steep and wave"; on the latter the following dialogue, which gains piquancy from its being written by an American. The person interrogated was a "barefooted cabin boy in blue linen blouse and blue patched trousers, with a scarlet cloth cap tied over his head by means of an orange-coloured handkerchief," and the question was, "Did you ever hear of Columbus?" "No, Señora," he replied with a blush, "I have heard of nothing. I know little. I am of very small account. I cook and sing. I am good for nothing more." The book is full of such illuminating passages, outlined with a sure and lively touch.

"The Doctor Speaks" is a volume of short stories which, after the manner of their kind, are curiously unequal: some are admirable, some passable, while others, again, beget a quite disproportionate resentment. Mr. Dawson can write, and his statements are not incredible or even improbable—they are painfully true: a parallel is to be found in the outcry aroused some while back against a certain well-known painter because his portraits were too revealing. Life, after all, partakes largely of the nature of a masked ball, and we go through with it as we may, often in much solitariness of spirit. Mr. Dawson has chosen to rend the veil that screens the inner sanctuary—to take the skeleton from the cupboard into the glaring light of day. It is a very easy and a very cheap performance, and none the more creditable because Mr. Dawson poses as a moralist the while. But these gruesome stories, fortunately, are not all. It is a relief to turn from "Mrs. Carr's Secret" or "The Mark of the Beast" (the very title offends) to simple idylls, such as "Annette" and "A Damaged Cherub." Here Mr. Dawson is in his element, and thoroughly delightful. The story of "The Kid" is as sweet and





BLACK GAME.  
DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Three decades and as many weeks have gone by since the first Parliament of the Third Republic was opened at Bordeaux. That assembly only contained a minority of Republicans, and, in spite of all the latter's efforts to the contrary, it decided that the Republican form of government should only be adopted provisionally. The late Louis Blanc protested in the name of the Republicans, asserting that their form of government was superior to any others, and practically beyond discussion. He declared that France felt alarmed at seeing the Monarchists reserving themselves for a future revolution—by which term he may not have exactly meant an armed uprising. Seven years later M. Jules Simon, in his work entitled "The Government of M. Thiers," wrote: "The majority in the Assembly began its struggle against the majority of the nation."

That statement was a deliberate falsehood, as far as the feeling of the country in 1871 was concerned. Ignorant as the bulk of the electors were with regard to the share of the Republicans of the last Chamber of the Second Empire in the furthering of the war, they were somewhat better informed with regard to the doings of said Republicans after Sept. 4, 1870. The most dense and benighted of the peasantry, not to mention the more enlightened middle classes, both in the capital and in the provinces, had been too close spectators of the doings of Messrs. Gambetta, Favre, Crémieux, and Company not to know that after Sedan the Republicans had made confusion worse confounded in order to prevent a possible and honourable peace—I do not say a probable and nationally gratifying one—which might have brought back the prisoner of Wilhelmshöhe to Paris and to his overtopped throne.

I have an idea that if Louis Blanc and Jules Simon had made a public death-bed confession, they would have recanted a great deal of their Republican talk, though not necessarily denying the Republican sentiments which inspired it. Be this as it may, eight years, almost day for day, after the opening of that first Parliament the Republicans had their wish. With the advent of Jules Grévy to the Presidential chair, in succession to MacMahon, who had resigned, the chances of a restoration of any of the three Monarchical dynasties were practically at an end. The elections which had led to that result, if they did not altogether prove that France was Republican, proved, at any rate, that the Republicans were a more serious and disciplined body than the three Monarchical factions opposed to them, which, with their mutual jealousy and mistrust of each other, were incapable of a combined defence, still less of a preconceived attack.

The joy of the Republicans was overwhelming and, from a natural point of view, legitimate. The Millennium, according to them, was at hand for everybody, but notably for the working classes, who from that day forth should reap the benefit of their toil, and no longer be downtrodden by the capitalists. France has had twenty-one years of Republican régime, virtually unhampered by Parliamentary opposition; for the reactionaries have not had as much as a decent show at the Palais Bourbon, while there has not been the slightest serious attempt on the part of any pretender to upset the existing state of things. The Comte de Chambord did not imitate the tactics of his mother, the Duchesse de Berri, who, at any rate, tried to get back her own. Six months after Jules Grévy's advent to the Presidential chair the Prince Imperial perished in an obscure ambush in Zululand. He, perhaps, might have repeated his father's exploits at Strasburg and Boulogne, and have finally succeeded in recovering the Napoleonic throne, as his sire did. Neither Jérôme Bonaparte—better known as Plon-Plon—nor his son, the present head of the House of Bonaparte, ever emerged from his platonic pretensions. The late Comte de Paris was in reality "un prétendant qui faisait sourire," while his son is "un prétendant qui fait bâiller"; hence, with the smiles provoked by the one and the yawns provoked by the other, the Republicans have been pretty safe from the representatives of the deposed dynasties. As for M. Boulanger and M. Mercier, those would-be disturbers sprang from their midst, and so does Paul Déroulède. In spite of the quasi-importance attached to the Boulangist movement, it never constituted a real danger to the Third Republic. M. Mercier as a possible dictator is not worth a moment's consideration; and Paul Déroulède, had he succeeded, would not have changed the Republican form of government, but simply purified it.

Upon the whole, then, the Republicans for the last score of years have virtually had it their own way. They are at the present moment, if they like, safer from outward attack than was the Second Empire, for two reasons. Their foreign policy—I am referring in this instance exclusively to their Government—is one of peace. The Republic does not covet any European territory beyond the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, and the majority of her statesmen have by this time come to the conclusion that this desire is unattainable for at least another couple of decades, if not for more. Those statesmen are, moreover, either too timid or too sensible (the reader may take his choice) to embark in diplomatic complications like Napoleon III. Hence, France should be contented and at rest throughout. The Millennium for the working-man ought at least to have dawned, if it be not in a full blaze. The remainder of the population should be without a grievance. Ask the first Frenchman who knows, and who is honestly willing to impart his knowledge, whether this is the case. He will tell one to look for one's self at the accounts of the virulence accompanying the frequently recurring strikes. After that, he will refer you to the comments of Catholics on the Bill before the Chambers which aims at confiscating the property of private individuals because they happen to belong to religious associations. This is their grievance against the Republic. The misguided strikers of Châlons-sur-Saône have declared that their movement is not for the sake of an increase of twopence-halfpenny daily, but for the sake of emancipating the whole of their class from the capitalists' yoke.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H. WHITTEN.—Your name is familiar to us by repute, and our memory takes us back to the years when your problems appeared in this column. We shall have much pleasure in publishing a position by so old a contributor, of whom, perhaps, F. Healey, C. W. (Sunbury), H. E. Kidson, Fred Thompson, and ourselves alone remain as contemporaries.

P. W. DAVIES.—Solution correct. In reference to the other matter, you must address the editor of the paper, who, we think, will favourably consider your request.

C. DAHL (Copenhagen).—Your problems were correct, but we only published the three-move or four-move problems are so unpopular nowadays. Your new contribution is only another version of No. 2956, which was published on Dec. 15 last.

P. H. WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—Thanks for problem, which we trust to find acceptable, as usual.

R. BEE.—We cannot make anything of the new position as sent; there is no mate in two moves, by your own way or any other.

W. FRISKIN.—The problem is neat, but a little too simple for our use.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2955 received from Percy W. Davies (Hawall Pindi); of Nos. 2957 and 2958 from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2959 from W. M. Kelly (Worthing) and Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 2960 from W. M. Kelly (Worthing); of No. 2961 from Alpha; of No. 2962 from Percy Charles (New York) and W. M. Kelly; of No. 2963 from W. M. Kelly and Hermit; of No. 2964 from D. B. R. (Oban), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), J. W. (Campsie), and J. D. Tucker (Ilkley).

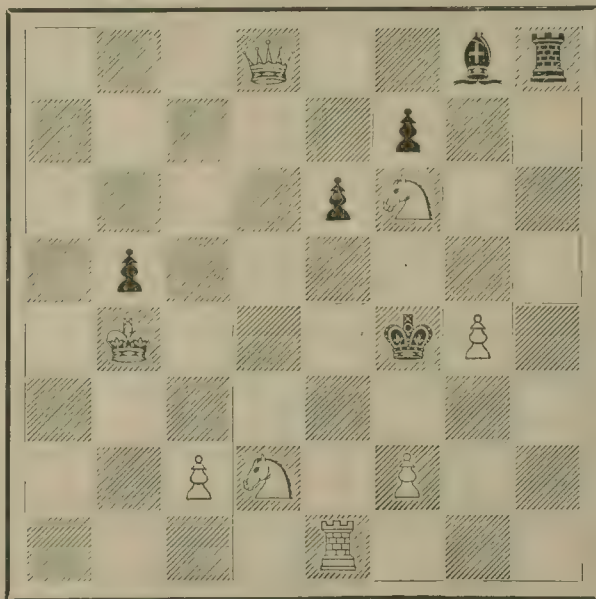
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2965 received from C. E. H. (Clifton), C. M. O. (Buxton), F. H. Marsh (Bridport), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), George Stillingleet Johnson (Cobham), L. Desanges, E. J. Winter Wood, Henry A. Donovan (Listowel), Martin P. Fred T. Gade, F. Dalby, T. Roberts, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W. A. Lillie (Edinburgh), Albert Wolff (Putney), C. B. U. (Oxford), Sorrento, Edith Corser (Reigate), A. Cunningham (St. Cyprian), Rev. J. Thomas, Miss E. M. Thomas (Exmouth), Hereward, F. W. Moore (Brighton), Charles Burnett, J. H. Warburton Lee (Whitchurch), F. J. S. (Hampstead), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), C. E. Perugini, L. Penfold, and Shadforth.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2964.—By D. MACKAY.

WHITE	BLACK
1. B to Kt 8th	Any move
2. Mates.	

PROBLEM No. 2967.—By HERWARD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three mov

## CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. G. MARCO and J. MIESES. (Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Marco).	BLACK (Mr. Mises).	WHITE (Mr. Marco).	BLACK (Mr. Mises).
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	18. Q to K 2nd	Q to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd	19. Kt takes P	Q to Q sq
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	20. Q R to Q sq	K to Kt 2nd
4. Kt takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	21. Q to B 4th	Kt to K 4th
5. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	22. Q to K Kt 4th	
6. Kt (Q 4) to Kt 5	B to Kt 5th		
7. P to Q R 3rd	B takes Kt (ch)		
8. Kt takes B	P to Q 4th		
9. P takes P	P takes P		
10. B to K B 4th	Ostia		
11. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 5th		
12. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th		
13. Castles	B to Kt 3rd		
14. B takes B			
Kt to K 2nd, with a view to Kt to Kt 3rd. Kt to K B 5th would have been safer.		The Queen is here out of play. Q to Kt 3rd would have done much to prevent the curiously interesting attack by Black.	
14.	R P takes B	22.	R to R sq
15. B to Kt 5th	Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	23. P to K R 3rd	Q o Q B sq
16. K to R sq	Q takes P	24. Q to K 7th	Q to K B 4th
17. B takes Kt	P takes B	Leading to a pretty finish.	
		25. K to Kt sq	Q R to K sq
		26. Q takes Kt P	R takes P
		27. P takes R	Q t Kt 4th (ch)
		28. K to B 2nd	Kt to Q (th) (ch)
		29. R takes Kt	Q to R 5th (ch)
		If 30. K to Kt sq, Q to Kt 6th (ch), 31. K to R sq, Q takes R P (ch); 32. K to Kt sq, Q to Kt 6th (ch); 33. K to R sq, R to R sq, mate. If 30. K to Kt 2nd, R to K 7th is fatal.	

Another game in the same Tournament, between Messrs. MIESES and MASON.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Mises).	BLACK (Mr. Mason).	WHITE (Mr. Mises).	BLACK (Mr. Mason).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	25. B to R 6th (ch)	
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	Finely played. If K takes B, 26. R takes Kt, B takes R; 27. Kt to B 5th (ch), P takes Kt; 28. Kt P takes P; and mate follows.	
3. P takes P	P takes P	26.	K to B 2nd
4. B to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	26. Kt to B 5th	Kt takes Kt
5. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	Black does not play P takes Kt on account of the attack this would give White by P to B 5th (ch), etc.	
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to B 3rd	27. Kt P takes Kt	R to Q Kt sq
7. Q to Q 2nd	Q to K 2nd	28. B to R 3rd	Q to Kt 4th
8. Castles	Kt to R 3rd	29. Q to K sq	
9. R to K sq	B to K 3rd	Threatening Q to K sq, followed by Q to R 2nd (ch), which would win.	
10. B to K Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	29.	Q to Kt 5th
11. B to R 4th	P to K Kt 4th	30. R to Q sq	Q R to K sq
This is not wisely played, for after this move he cannot castle except on the Queen's side, where he is subject to a fatal attack.		31. Q to R sq	K to Q sq
12. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 2nd	32. Q to R 2nd	P takes P
13. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	33. Q to Q 6th	Q to K 3rd
14. Kt to K 5th	B takes Kt	34. Q tks P at B 4	B to B sq
15. B takes R	Kt takes B	35. B takes B	Q takes B
16. R takes Kt	Castles (Q R)	36. R takes P	R to K 3rd
17. Kt to R 4th	P to Kt 3rd	37. R to B 7th	K to K sq
18. P to R 4th	Q to Q 3rd	38. Q takes R P	R to B sq
19. R to K 3rd	K to Kt 2nd	39. R to Q Kt 7th	Resigns
20. P to Q Kt 4th	Q to B 5th	A game of uncommon interest. White's play throughout is decidedly brilliant.	
21. Q to B 3rd	P takes P		
22. K to Kt sq	B to Q 2nd		
23. K to R sq	Kt to K 3rd		
24. R to Q Kt sq			

## NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The student of social science cannot complain in this new era of any lack of topics whereon to exercise his judicial and reflective powers. He is confronted with very complex conditions, entailed by the mere march of civilisation itself, and is equally brought face to face with sundry problems that arise out of these conditions, or depend upon their conflict. Thus, the housing of the poor, which one hears Lord Salisbury is determined to push forward for early consideration (an idea that one may not be far wrong in thinking was inspired by the King himself), forms one of the topics that sanitary science and social reform must together discuss with all the earnestness whereof they are capable. The general amelioration of the masses is a wider subject, but one that is likewise fast coming to the front for consideration. Then there is the great servant problem, whereof a lady writes to me, begging my assistance in the way of solving it—a task far beyond my humble capacities, of course. There is also the technical education question, and that of the best preparation of our youth for tackling our foreign competitors on their own lines.

It would require a wiser head than mine to attempt even an outline sketch of a scheme for improving any one of the conditions I have specified as demanding the attention of reformers. But what I can discern all round is a state of unstable equilibrium in the social firmament, and the servant question and the housing of the poor are only illustrations of two phases of the disturbance. We are a prosperous nation, and there is no lack of money among us; but with all our prosperity there hangs on to our skirts this problem of the poor and the needy, and how best to convert them into useful members of society. That anybody can dream of a Utopia in which we are all going to be equalised, as some of our Socialist friends expect, or wherein there is to be no poverty or crime, or anything else "dem'd disagreeable," as Mr. Mantalini would have put it, is only another revelation of how the impracticable and unpractical side of life appeals to some of us. That you will always have the submerged tenth to reckon with, and also the vicious and the criminal, goes without saying, and a perusal of Dr. Anderson's article in the *Nineteenth Century*—and *After* on the latter phase of low-life deeps may serve to show what an expert in criminal matters thinks of chances of reform in that particular direction.

There are the optimists, who think education is going to do everything in time to make this a happy and contented world; but my lady correspondent thinks it is the spread of education which prevents her getting respectable, trained servants. She is very severe on the "parlour tricks" which the Board School teaches the girls of the working classes. Mary Ann scoffs at the notion of wearing a cap and ribbons, while Sarah Jane's ideal is a shop-counter, and that of Matilda a typewriting office. These are aspirations no doubt legitimate enough, but surely, in course of time, there will be more than enough shopgirls and typewriters, and then what of the surplus? They will not return to domestic service, for which, by the way, they have never been trained, and so there will be a terrible overplus of female labour, unwanted, unproductive, and which will oust male labour from the field whenever it has the chance. I believe in education doing much in the long run to adjust things, but I heartily wish in the present it would turn out something of which one could feel somewhat prouder than we can feel as things are. I allude to the literally miserable display the average youth—boy and girl alike—makes, as a rule, when he or she goes into business, and is called upon to do some work necessitating exactness and punctuality.

A man in a very large way of business, involving the despatch of hundreds of parcels, each of which has to be correctly labelled, weighed, and noted by invoice descriptive of the contents, told me that the prevalent superficial education, which never could teach a boy or girl to be methodical and correct in his or her work, was "the curse of the age." His experiences, as he related them to me, were often disastrous. Customers were offended beyond all idea of pacification by the errors perpetually being committed by his youths in labelling parcels erroneously, in invoicing them wrongly, and thus upsetting the very arrangements on the success of which the business depended. I suspect many employers will agree with the testimony of my friend. There is a want of exactitude of method, and, above all, of conscientious service, illustrated in the ways of the modern youth. His only idea is to get his work over somehow, that, donning his jacket, he may hie to football or "bike."

It is the same with the servant-class. Here you find unexampled negligence and carelessness combined with ignorance of the most common domestic duties. Another lady, who was pouring her woes into my ear not so long ago, told me of her simple country maiden, daughter of a labouring man, who, while in her service, took to washing her face and hands with lemons day by day to make them look beautiful, while the boiling of a potato properly was a task beyond her achievement. This conduct illustrates a want of that sense of proportion which lies at the foundation of all rational conduct of life. If piano-playing, dancing, and all the other "parlour tricks" of the Board School, with a little French thrown in to finish off the thin veneer of civilisation, are to work out their effects in the direction of converting our working-girls into young ladies, it is clear we shall have to bethink ourselves seriously of arranging with John Chinaman to come over and help us.

One would fain be an optimist, and look forward to better things in the way of social order than are now apparent. Glad am I to think that the girls of the middle classes are being forced to put their hands to the domestic plough, and to help their mothers to solve the servant question. This is the reverse of the medal, which is more agreeable to contemplate. But, bad as things are here, we have not yet descended to the American level in the matter of service. For, if all I hear be true, the hired girl is mistress of New York, while the Irish cook rules the aristocrats of Boston with a rod of iron.





THE TRANSVAAL WAR: CHARGE OF THE 16TH LANCERS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKROEK.



## THE WATERLOO CUP.

The Waterloo Cup for 1901 was run for on Feb. 22, the last day of the great annual coursing meeting at Althorpe. The deciding course resulted in a victory for Mr. J. H. Bibby's nomination, Fearless Footsteps, the property of Messrs. Fawcett, the runner-up being Mr. F. Watson's nomination, Cleughbrae, the property of Mr. P. Clarke. The last course was rather a one-sided affair. Both the winner and the runner-up made their first appearance for the season on this occasion; Cleughbrae, indeed, had never been out. With Tom Wright rests the credit of having trained the winner; while Cleughbrae was trained by Tom Bullock, who sent him to the slips in excellent trim. The same day was run the Waterloo Plate, for the first sixteen dogs beaten in the first ties of the Cup. The winner in the deciding course was Messrs. Fawcett's Father o' Fire, nominated by Mr. R. Anderton. Fille de Feu ran up.



THE WATERLOO CUP: IN THE SLIPS FOR THE DECIDING COURSE.

THE RAISING OF THE  
"CANTON RIVER."

The dredger *Canton River*, sunk during the recent typhoon at Hong-Kong, presented an insoluble problem to the engineers who strove to raise her until Captain Percy Scott, of naval gun-carriage fame, was appealed to. Captain Scott devised an ingenious method of pumping air into the sunken boat from a torpedo-destroyer. Captain Scott had a model of the dredger prepared, and on this he worked out his scheme to the minutest detail, every block, rope, and chain being set out. The main idea was to make the *Canton River* turn over on her keel again. This was successfully achieved on Jan. 18. The vessel, after being moved, was dragged to shallow water and pumped out. The task was one of peculiar difficulty owing to the fact that the fore part of the dredger was embedded in mud, into which her masts and derricks were forced for many feet.



FEARLESS FOOTSTEPS, WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP.



CLEUGHBRAE, RUNNER-UP FOR THE WATERLOO CUP.



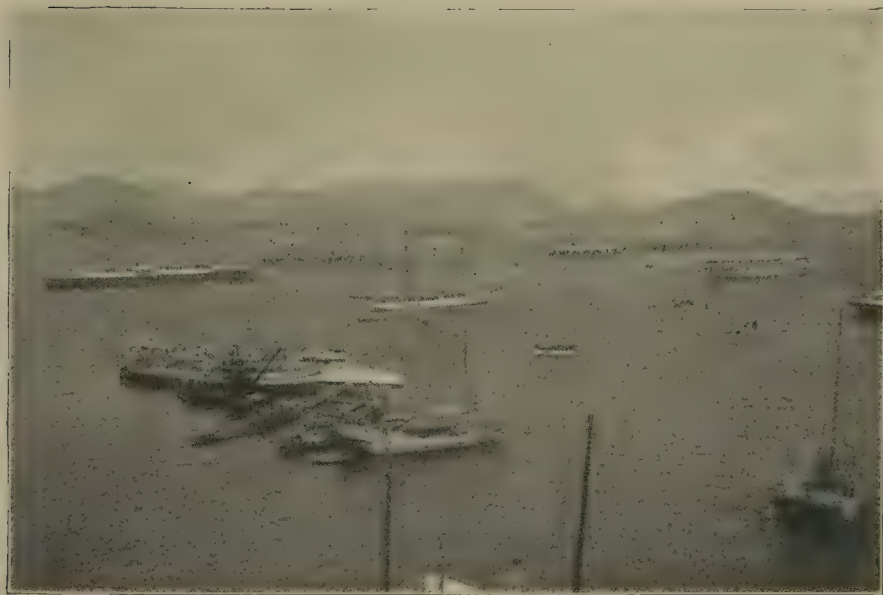
WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA: INDIAN SOLDIERS RETURNING WITH GOODS AND ARCHIVES CONFISCATED IN THE VILLAGES.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.





WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA: THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB AT PEKING.  
 SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.



THE DREDGER BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF OPERATIONS.



METHOD OF SUPPORTING TACKLE BY JUNKS.



THE SHORE END OF PARBUCKLE TACKLE AND WINCHES.



THE DREDGER REGAINING AN UPRIGHT POSITION.

THE RAISING OF THE SUNKEN DREDGER, "CANTON RIVER," AT HONG-KONG, BY CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT.  
 PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. BURKE, H.M.S. "TERRIBLE."



## LADIES' PAGE.

That some worthy memorial to Queen Victoria would be founded, was a foregone conclusion. Circumstances are hardly altogether fortunate: the rise in taxation, especially in the income tax, and the large funds raised for war charity, have made the pinch of diminished spare income felt. But there is always plenty of money in this country, and no more worthy or interesting object could be found to call forth to the full the generosity of the nation than the erection of some memorial that will help to tell future generations how well the fortunate people of her own time loved the great and good woman who so long upheld the



BLACK CLOTH DRESS STRAPPED WITH PANNE.

dignity of the Empire. Would not it be pleasant and seemly if there could be a special woman's memorial to match with the Women's Jubilee Tribute? If this would be likely to interfere in any degree with the full success of the general memorial, of course it must not be thought of, but the Jubilee Tribute was the outcome of penny subscriptions from women alone, and a similar movement need not stand at all in the way of the more lavish gifts of the public at large.

What form should such a woman's memorial take, if organised? A correspondent sends me a copy of the *Shields Daily News*, in which it is suggested that the women of England might make a gift to the women of India of a great hospital to commemorate the Queen who did so much, by her interest, in establishing such help among her Indian subjects. There is something attractive in the idea, but probably the general opinion would be in favour of some memorial in our own midst: the further establishment of women's hospitals in India is perhaps a fit task for an Anglo-Indian and native local memorial. The Queen Victoria Jubilee Nursing Institute for nursing the sick poor in their own homes, which her late Majesty founded with the money subscribed by the daughters of her Empire in honour of her fifty years' reign, has promptly put in a claim for consideration as a memorial. Its committee urge the increased usefulness and stability that a large fresh subscription, "in memoriam," might give to its position; and they justly say that this charity's having been founded by Queen Victoria in person gives it a peculiar claim. The committee state that the charity's income from the invested Women's Jubilee Tribute fund is about £2100 a year, but that they already annually spend about £8000, and could usefully employ an income of double that amount. I have always pleaded for a scheme for technical training for girls in domestic knowledge and otherwise. This topic is one of the most important to mistresses of homes, and to girls of every rank that I know of: any such scheme would need a large sum of money to set it going on an adequate national scale, and would be so great a boon to women that it would be a worthy woman's memorial of the Queen. But it may be best for any effort that women can make not to be divided from the general object, whatever it may be, that is decided on by the King and the committee that he has appointed on the subject.

It is quite "a feather in the cap" of the Royal School of Art Needlework to have embroidered the new State chair or throne for the Queen in the House of Lords so beautifully and so quickly. The lady workers owed the opportunity to the kindness of their unfailing patroness, Princess Christian, whose interest in this revival of the most ancient womanly form of art is untiring. H.R.H. has purchased from Vienna, for the benefit of the school, two very lovely "needlework pictures" executed there by a lady who has invented a method of combining needlework with water-colour painting; the effect is incomparably fine, as many of us saw at the Paris Exhibition, where Frau Maukiewicz was awarded a gold medal for her display. The "needlework pictures" of our ancestresses were often the reverse of beautiful, but the combination of the arts of the needle and the brush is charming in effect.

A very interesting article has been published, written by the Gaekwar of Baroda, who has been on a visit here in order that his wife might have a serious operation performed by Dr. Mary Scharlieb. "The Maharanee said that she was quite ready to die if need be, but she would not be operated on by a man"; and so the good husband brought her here to find "a woman surgeon of the first rank." Though she clung thus strenuously to the feeling of her countrywomen against the exposure of female patients to men doctors, the Maharanee is advanced in opinion in other respects beyond the average of her people. She disapproves of the seclusion of women in zenanas; but "she recognises that even her husband cannot change this custom." The Indian Prince adds that he is training and educating his daughter as well as if she had been a son. He evidently looks forward to the possibility of her being able to make some advance in the position of the women of her race. It is, unfortunately, a fact, however, that there are no more strenuous opponents of any change in the position of Indian women than most of those women themselves. This is, of course, because they are persuaded that religion inculcates and morality requires their ignorance and seclusion. It is known to be no uncommon thing for the old mother of a family to refuse to eat, and make herself and everybody else wretched, if one of her daughters is merely allowed to go to school. In the first novel ever written by a native woman—a really capital work of fiction, and one that much interested Queen Victoria, called "Kamala," by Krupabai Sathianadan—the young husband begins to educate his child wife, and she not only thenceforth is cold-shouldered by the other women of the family, but presently finds no food set for her, and is half-starved before the serving-woman, rudely but charitably, informs her that her food is being laid on the men's side of the house—a terrific insult, devised by her mother-in-law to indicate to the poor child that learning to read has rendered her unfit for the society of her own sex! It is the old women, too, who will not send for an English lady doctor, even when the husband has ordered that such shall be done, clinging to their own barbarous traditional ways until so late that it is often impossible for the girl-mother to be saved. The women of the East and the women of Christendom look on life from so absolutely different a standpoint that it is impossible for one to help the other in a general way. It must be through the enlightenment of their own great ladies, like the Maharanee of Baroda, that help must come to the Indian women of lesser rank; and the medical work of Englishwomen is evidently to be the greatest and most powerful lever for raising the iron door that shuts the Eastern woman from Western freedom and culture.

Half-mourning is filling the London shops. Violet in all its shades is chiefly employed to lighten the black, though grey and white are also correct admixtures. The latter tints are more used for evening wear. A young woman will wear white now at a party, with a slight touch of black; and silver and steel-grey, richly trimmed with black-and-steel or jet-and-gold embroideries, make some fine models for matrons. The shadings of the purples offered us are really surprising. They range from almost blue to almost pink. One had hardly realised previously how very different are the shades that may be all called by the same name. Violet tulle swathed round one layer upon another constructs a stylish hat, the entire trimming being a wreath of shaded leaves of purple red tones. A huge jet buckle in front holds in place the chiffon folds of another toque, where purple pansies peep over the tall brim—if that be the appropriate word to use when the entire shape is one mass of foldings with no clear distinction between brim and crown—but it is so shaped as to rise far above the forehead in wear, so it must be spoken of, as a brim, I suppose. Purple grapes are often employed as trimmings: shaded from the red-brown of the half-ripe to the deep purple of the fully ripe fruit, and touched with grey-green bloom, they come capitally for complimentary half-mourning, and are used on straw or on tulle hats, amidst chiffon puffings. The new French models are frequently in the smartest cases composed of that material known to our mothers as crinoline. It is woven with horsehair, and is a very dainty foundation for chapeaux, light as a feather and airy-looking as tulle itself, while it is really wiry and serviceable. It can be crumpled into any shape that is becoming to the face; and it takes all manner of hues, and is very successful in the heliotrope shades, in which it is being introduced to us for half-mourning.

For the spring tailor-gowns that will need to be worn during the half-mourning period, grey is the most fashionable colour. Purple face-cloth is very stylish, but in greys there are charming cloths of many varieties, and the colour is most spring-like. Grey looks particularly well with a black hat. This combination was seen worn by some of the smartest ladies present at Lady Beatrice Butler's wedding to Major-General Pole-Carew. The Duchess of Teck (a near relative of the bride) appeared in a delicate grey cloth coat and skirt, with a black hat; and the Duchess of Devonshire wore a grey toque trimmed with ostrich-feathers and clusters of violets, with a black peau-de-soie dress and handsome furs. Lady Chesham's

black silk gown was brightened by a deep collar of white satin thickly embroidered with silver, and white lace vest. Countess Carrington on this occasion wore grey satin; and the Marchioness of Londonderry had her black dress relieved by a grey panne waistbelt and grey chiffon toque. The wedding party was clad in white, the bride's own gown being almost entirely of fine old lace, with a wired collar outstanding from the throat; while her maids' dresses were of white Roman satin inserted with lace, and finished by swathed belts of gold tissue and long boas of white tulle edged with sable, their hats of white tulle folded and trimmed with touches of gold and one large pink rose, set over the brow. The bride's mother wore mauve panne velvet, trimmed with bands of sable, with a toque of heliotrope tulle trimmed with violets, sable, and white lace. Mourning was quite ignored in the bride's going-away gown of sapphire-blue cloth, with collar and panels of yellowish lace, and hat of blue crinoline, with one huge cornflower for crown.

There seems little likelihood of a diminution in the craze for gold trimmings on the dresses of the near future. Silver, ousted for a little while by the sudden popularity of its more *royant* rival, will return to some degree of favour, and will be used sooner than gold on our own half-mourning gowns. But the Paris models are still touched with gold in most cases. Black and gold braids and galons are placed on dresses of other tints than black. Strappings of black velvet just outlined by narrow gold threads or embroidered round with gold are put on boleros and skirts. A simple gown, such as a Parisienne likes to have ready for quiet yet smart occasions, is in soft black cloth trimmed with bands of black glacé stitched on with many rows of machine-stitching in gold silk, the bolero similarly treated and having an inner edge of white panne trimmed with tiny buttons of dull gold placed in sets of threes. White caracul revers, with three large black and gold buttons beneath them, decorated another black gown. A model that might well be copied in its entirety for our complimentary half-mourning was of black cloth, with a bolero turning back from a narrow vest of white lace embroidered in silver, by a small revers of white panne, trimmed along the edge with



BLACK CLOTH GOWN STRAPPED WITH GLACÉ.

silver cord. The bolero and skirt were trimmed with straps of black velvet, and of this material the waistbelt and collar were also made.

Our Illustrations show half-mourning designs suitable for the season; there is nothing *outré* about them, so that they will continue their useful career hereafter, if desired. The black cloth gown strapped with narrow bands of glacé is further trimmed with cords and buttons; the collar-piece and the full front harmonise, being braided and brightened with a few sequins. The hat is of folded velvet, having a large bow fixed with a diamond buckle in front. The other gown is a smart edition of the up-to-date coat and skirt, the little Eton-shaped bolero and skirt being trimmed with broad pieces of panne, and strapped with cloth, while braiding decorates the collar and vest. The hat is of velvet, trimmed with ostrich-plumes. FILOMENA.





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Photo. Andrie, Colombo.

PROCLAMATION OF KING EDWARD VII. AT COLOMBO, CEYLON.

The Proclamation was made outside the King's House on the afternoon of January 26. Mourning for Queen Victoria was generally worn by the crowd.

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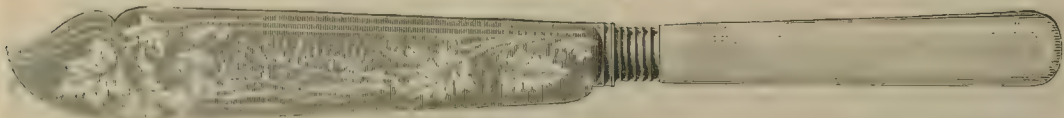
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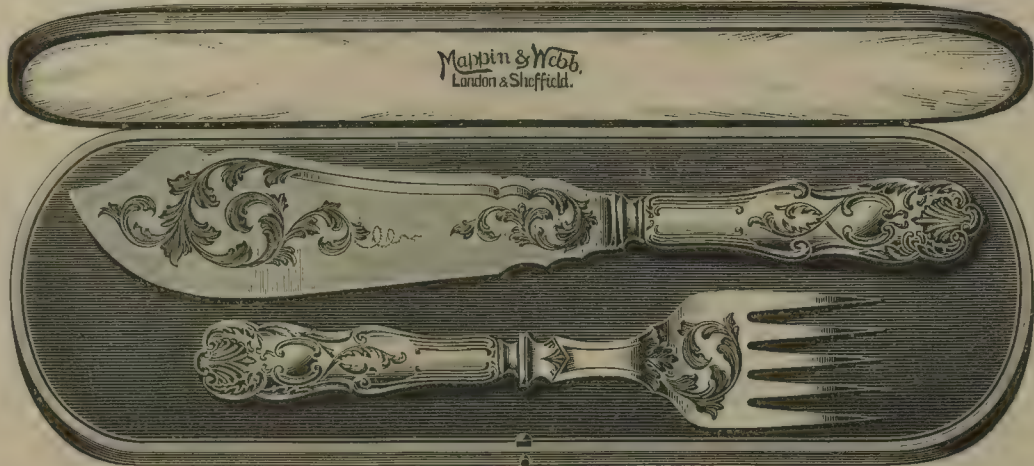
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## ART NOTES.

An exhibition of Mr. Ruskin's drawings is perhaps the best tribute to his memory which could be devised, and one's only regret is that, in London at least, it cannot become permanent. Mr. Ruskin's position as a teacher is strengthened by his power as a doer, for however much these four hundred and odd sketches may fall short of the achievements of professional artists, one cannot but recognise that the spirit which inspires them is that of a true artist, and of the lover of all that is beautiful in art and nature. One forgets the failure of the craftsman in presence of the enthusiasm of the prophet; for it is as the prophet of the beautiful that Ruskin will hold his place in the world. One may well say of him, and with more truth than of the original object of the lines—

Quel Apollon peut garantir  
D'exprimer ce qu'amour inspire ?  
On a tant de cœur pour sentir,  
Et si peu d'esprit pour le dire.

For, after all, Ruskin shows no lack of intelligence in expressing to the extent of his powers what his mind and his eye grasp. It is interesting to find how he was, like Turner, attracted by architectural subjects, at the same time as by Nature on her grandest scale. Side by side with minute studies of Abbeville, Venice, Nuremberg, and the like, we find the Grimsel Pass, the glacier mountains round Chamouny, or the Grande Chartreuse, alike claiming

his attention, and alike calling out the best powers of his hand. His marvellous attention to details, and the laborious care with which he tried to work into them either the architect's meaning or the secret of Nature, gives special interest to these sketches. For the most part, they are notes of travel and records of impressions, so far as the artist was concerned; but to those who come after they are lessons of how foreign travel can be made profitable to the traveller by preserving for him the memories of his fleeting years. Every now and then we have some curious flights of fancy, as in the coloured view of Thun, a landscape in various shades of blue, or of the Alps, or "The Approach to Venice across the Lagoon." At other times we see, as in "The Streets of Naples" and "The Canals of Venice," very distinct instances of the influence of Samuel Prout, contending with that of Turner, and overcoming that of either Harding or Copley Fielding, who were, perhaps, more accurately Ruskin's teachers, although not his inspirers. In one work, a study of trees, foliage, and wet rocks, at Cross-mount, Perthshire, done in 1847, we have perhaps the most distinct piece of Pre-Raphaelite work which Ruskin ever painted, and it explains to us much of his sympathy with the reformers of that day, whose work, in the first instance, was a protest against the slovenliness of contemporary art. It was against this tendency that Ruskin fought unrelentingly, as the present exhibition at the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours (Pall Mall) bears abundant witness.

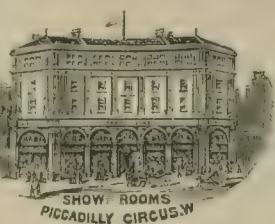
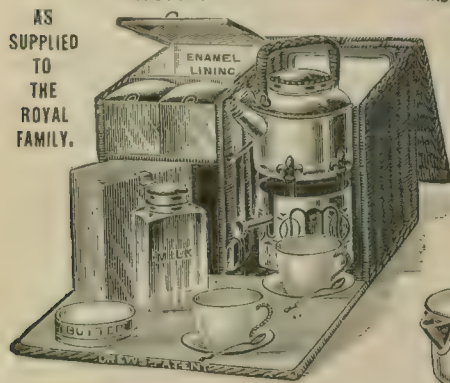
The Society of Women Artists, which admits having reached its forty-sixth year, shows no signs of age or failing powers, and this year's display at the Suffolk Street Gallery is fully up to the level of former years. One does not look for anything startling, or even pre-eminently excellent, in an exhibition which is avowedly not open to all comers; but inasmuch as the other half of the world of artists generally monopolises the lion's share of space at our exhibitions, it is only fair that the women artists should have one place where they are free from the intrusion of the mere man. As usual, there is a good deal of the work which is imitative in style, if not in thought; but one is glad to find that our women artists are not wholly insular in their preferences. Mrs. Eastlake's reminiscences—one would not like to use a harsher term—of Bouttet de Monvel's methods are charmingly fresh and unconventional. Miss Nellie Abbott sends a few bunches of violets on a marble slab, which shows a careful study of Sir L. Alma-Tadema's methods; but Miss Lucas's portraits—a family group in the drawing-room—can scarcely be thought of in connection with M. Fantin-Latour's similar treatment of a like subject. Miss Anna Birch's "Suffolk Common," Miss Clare Attwood's "Study of Boats," and Miss D. Comyns Carr's "October Evening," have all of them a freshness and individuality seldom to be found in the work of those who are waiting on the threshold of the Temple of Art. Among the water-colour painters the standard is higher than with those who choose oils for their medium.

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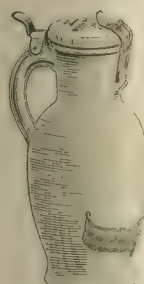
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Choice Brilliant Cluster Pendant, forming also Brooch, Bracelet, or Hair Ornament. £115. Others in stock up to £500.

Fine Diamond Pendant, £40.

Heart Pendant, Choice White Brilliants, £42. Other sizes in stock up to £105. Can be made with Emerald, Pearl, Ruby, or Sapphire Centre.

All Gold, £1 15s.

All Brilliants, £38 15s.

All Brilliants, £18 18s. Larger and smaller sizes in stock.

18-ct. Gold Ball Scarf-Pin, 15s. 6d.

Trout and fins to nature, Salmon, All Gold, £1 15s.

Pendant or Brooch, Choice White Brilliants, £42.

AWARDED PRIZE MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900.

New Head Ornament, Choice White Brilliants and whole Pearls, £63. Turquoise and Diamonds same price.

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5. The sender of the Photo to be enlarged must be the possessor of the Copyright or have obtained permission for its reproduction, and to prevent misunderstandings arising on the subject of Copyright, LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, reserve the right to decline to execute any order received on returning the Photo and Postal Order sent with same.
6. Orders for additional copies will be accepted, provided they are accompanied by the correct amount, viz., 2/6, and one dozen Sunlight Soap Wrappers for each Photographic Enlargement required. All Orders will be executed in order of rotation as received, but delivery cannot be promised sooner than three weeks after receipt of order.

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2nd. Taken for and at the expense of a person from whom I have obtained the necessary consent to have it copied.

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*N.B.—Strike out (1) (2) (3) or (4) leaving line which applies to your case.*

Date.....

Signature.....



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1895), with a codicil (dated Oct. 29, 1897), of H.R.H. François Ferdinand Philippe Louis Marie d'Orléans, Prince de Joinville, who died at 65, Avenue d'Antin, Paris, on June 16, has been proved in London by the Duc de Penthièvre, the son, the value of the estate in England amounting to £151,540. The testator leaves to his daughter, the Duchesse de Chartres, the forests composing the St. Dizier-Joinville property; to his son, the Duc de Penthièvre, the Arc and Chateau Villain property, and the funds deposited with Messrs. Mallet; to the Princesse de Joinville the Square House at Chantilly; between his son and daughter and the Princesse de Joinville the funds in the possession of Messrs. Rothschild; and legacies to servants and others.

The will (dated May 21, 1896) of Mr. Alfred Bidwell Welch-Thornton, of Beaurepaire Park, near Basingstoke, who died on July 10, was proved on Feb. 11 by Henry Welch-Thornton, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £116,336. The testator gives to his sister-in-law Harriet the use, for life, of either his property at Bramley or Hill House, Sherborne St. John; to his executor, £100; to his goddaughters Evelyn Thornton Bell and Moyra Mann, £100 each; to Robert

Bell, £100; and to his niece, Kate Laura Clark, £100. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, Henry Welch-Thornton.

The will (dated Nov. 6, 1891), with a codicil (dated July 26, 1895), of John Luke George, fifth Earl of Donoughmore, of 84, Sloane Street and Kilmanahan Castle, Clonmell, who died on Dec. 5, was proved on Feb. 16 by Michael Paul Grace, Clement Locke Smiles, and John Thomas Seigne, the executors, the value of the estate being £105,059. The testator devises all his real and leasehold property, upon trust, for his son Richard Walter John, sixth Earl of Donoughmore, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male, and the furniture, plate, pictures, etc., in Ireland, the orders, ribbons, and decorations of the Hely-Hutchinson family, the gold box presented to Richard, Lord Donoughmore, containing the Freedom of the Guild of Merchants of the City of London, the Star of the Bath, given to John, Lord Hutchinson, by the Prince Regent at a dinner at Carlton House, the swords presented to Lord Hutchinson by the Sultan of Turkey, by the Corporation of London, together with the Freedom of the City, and by the Corporation of Galway, the parchment and silver box containing portions of the Great Seal which were the

credentials of Lord Hutchinson at the Peace of Tilsit, Marshal Ney's sword, given by Madame Ney to his grandfather, the evening-dress sword of the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, the gun inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and a pair of inlaid pistols, presented to the testator by Sultan Abdul Hamid, and a Nepaulese knife given to him by the late Prime Minister of Nepal, are to devolve as heirlooms therewith. Subject to the legacy of £1000 and his furniture, etc., at his London house, to his wife, he leaves the residue of his property, upon sundry trusts, for the person who shall succeed to the family estates.

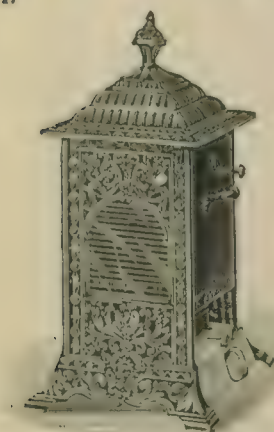
The will (dated March 13, 1890), with a codicil (dated Sept. 20, 1900), of Mr. Thomas William Tyrwhitt-Drake, of Shardeloes, Amersham, Bucks, who died on Dec. 8, was proved on Feb. 18 by Mrs. Frances Ann Isabella Tyrwhitt-Drake, the widow, and Guy Percival Tyrwhitt-Drake, the brother, the executors, the value of the estate being £66,573. The testator gives an annuity of £100 to his servant Cecil Atkinson, and subject thereto leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1898), with a codicil (dated Dec. 18, 1900), of Mr. William Rowcliffe, of 1, Bedford Row, 20, Sussex Place, Regent's Park, and Northbrook, Farnham, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on Feb. 18 by

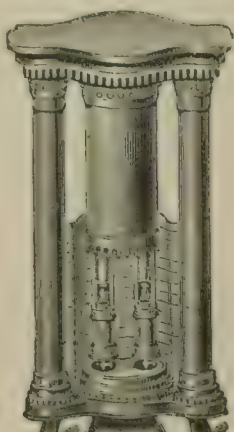
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They TOUCH the

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Be Sure they are

There's SECURITY in

# CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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**Dentomylh**  
TRADE MARK  
TOOTH PASTE,  
FOR THE TEETH, MOUTH, GUMS AND BREATH.

Will Preserve Your Best Beauty. It removes the causes of tooth diseases and gum trouble, and the attached germs and bacteria. Treat Your Mouth to the Luxury of a Trial. Its wonderful antiseptic qualities make DENTOMYRH Too H Paste the safest, most delightful and refreshing of modern dentifrices. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers, and recommended by Dentists everywhere. Large Tube post-paid for One Shilling in Stamp. FREE TRIAL SAMPLE, and treatise, "Care of the Teeth," on application to the CHARLES WRIGHT CHEMICAL Co., 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

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Specimens can be seen at all Tobacconists, or a specimen showing the exact style of Photograph will be sent, post free, on receipt of three penny stamps. Applications for specimen to be marked "Photographs," and to be sent to Ogdens Limited, 16 to 20, Farringdon Avenue, London.

When writing for specimen please say whether such specimen is to represent a Lady, Gentleman, Boy, or Girl.

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1.—Fill in accurately the form below and send it to **OGDENS Limited, 16 to 20, Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C.**, together with the Photograph you wish reproduced, **6 fronts** torn off **Ogden's Guinea Gold or Krystal Gold Flake Cigarette Boxes**, and a Postal Order for **2/6**, marking your envelope in left-hand corner "*Photograph.*"

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Please supply Post Free.....dozen Photographs from the enclosed, for which I enclose.....fronts of.....  
Cigarettes and Postal Order for.....

**I hereby declare** the enclosed Photo was

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- b. Taken by a Photographer for and at the sole expense of a person whose consent I have to send it to you for copying.
- c. Taken by me.
- d. Taken by a person whose consent I have to send it to you for copying.

Applicant's Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

Date.....

**N.B.**—Strike out (a) (b) (c) or (d), leaving line which applies to your case.

OGDENS Limited desire to point out the importance of filling up this form accurately, as copies of a Photo can only be made when the Photo sent was taken in one of the ways mentioned—(a) (b) (c) or (d).



Mrs. Matilda Frances Rowcliffe, the widow, and Edward Lee Rowcliffe and Henry Skirrow Rowcliffe, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £65,638. The testator gives £1000, his furniture and domestic effects, carriages and horses, and his leasehold residence in Sussex Place, and during her widowhood an annuity of £500, to his wife; £5000 each to his daughters Sarah Frances, Maud, and Mary; his manors and lands at Bampton, Devon, to his son Henry Skirrow; and legacies to his children and clerks. A mortgage for £8500 is to be held upon trust to pay the income thereof to his wife during her widowhood, then to his three daughters, and on the death of the survivor of them for the benefit of the person in possession of the property on which the mortgage is raised. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his son Henry Skirrow during the life or widowhood of Mrs. Rowcliffe. Subject thereto he gives £5000 each to his daughters, and the ultimate residue to his son Henry Skirrow.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1899) of Mr. Henry Gosden, of Cookham Dean, Berks, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on Feb. 11 by Stephen Darby and Charles Robert Rivington, the executors, the value of the estate being £63,776. The testator gives the freehold land at Norbury Park and all his furniture and household effects to Stephen Darby; £500 to the Vicar of St. John, Cookham Dean, for the purchase of coals for the poor of that parish; and legacies to executors and servant. The residue of his property he leaves as to one ninth, upon trust, for his brother James,

for life, and then for Holroyd Wyat Gosden and his children; three ninths for his brother James, for life, and then for Ellen Jane Facey, Maria Isabel Wilkinson, and Percy James Gosden; four ninths, upon trust, for Annie, the widow of his brother William, for life, and then between Rose Gosden, Alfred James Gosden, Annie Marsh, and Alice Moodie; and one ninth, upon trust, for his sister Emma, for life, and then for Emma Herbert.

The will (dated April 10, 1900), with three codicils (dated Sept. 25, 1900, and Jan. 23 and 24, 1901), of Miss Mary Boys Marter, of 4, Leinster Gardens, Hyde Park, who died on Jan. 24, was proved on Feb. 16 by Henry Eddowe Keene and Colonel Frederic Anderson Stebbing, the executors, the value of the estate being £57,685. The testatrix bequeaths £10,000 to her niece, Emily Jane Marter; her leasehold residence and the furniture and effects therein to the Poor Clergy Relief Society; £500 to H. E. Keene; £300 to Colonel Stebbing; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her brother, General Richard James Coombe Marter, for life. At his death she gives £4000 to the Poor Clergy Relief Society; £3000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £2000 to the National Life-Boat Institution; £1000 to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street; £1000 to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road; £3000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; £3000 to the North Sea Church Mission, Quayside, Gorleston; £2000 to the Mission to Lepers, Greenhill Place, Edinburgh; £2000 to the

National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children; £2000 to the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association; £2000 to the House-Boy Brigade Society; £2000 to the National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys; and £2000 to the Volunteer Life-Boat Institution, Gorleston. The ultimate residue she leaves to the children of her late nephew, Captain Marter.

The will (dated April 26, 1898), with two codicils (dated July 24, 1899, and Oct. 27, 1900), of Mr. John Forbes, of Highfield, Grange-over-Sands, Lancashire, who died on Jan. 1, was proved on Jan. 31 by Mrs. Jane Ellen Smith, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £52,772. The testator gives £1000 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London Missionary Society, and the Church Missionary Society; £7000 to his niece Mary Isobel Barbara Forbes; £3000 to his nephew David Forbes; £2000 each to his niece Lily Forbes and his nephew Harold Forbes; £2000 each to John Forbes Smith and Annie Bliss Smith; £1000 to the Rev. Henry William Smith; £1000 each, upon trust, for Annie Bliss and James Stevenson; £1200 to Isabella Neve; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to Mrs. Smith.

Messrs. Defries and Sons have received instructions to equip the *Ophir* with an installation of Pasteur filters, from which not only their Royal Highnesses, but also the whole of their suite will be supplied.

## A FINE JUMP.

Photography has in recent years been improved to such an extent that we are now accustomed to regard photographic pictures which ten years or so ago would have been impossible to obtain, with indifference. It is a comparatively easy thing to take quick moving pictures in a very small size, such, for instance, as those which, shown in rapid succession by the cinematograph, are so vivid in reality as to give one the impression of actual life. These pictures are extremely small and their surface is about as large as that of a penny-piece. If one wants, however, to take a quick-moving object, such as a jumping horse, on a larger scale, say on a quarter or half-plate, one will find that the difficulties are many, and that the skill of the camera-constructor is heavily taxed to provide an efficient instrument. The little picture we give herewith is a reduction from a half-plate photograph. Such a jump is, of course, a very rapid movement, and with only the best cameras is it possible to get so excellent a photograph. Only a shutter with an enormous high speed will render such quickly moving objects absolutely sharp, and many readers of *The Illustrated London News* will certainly be interested to learn that the only camera with which such wonderful results can be obtained is the Goerz Anschütz Folding Camera. This camera is provided with all the



latest improvements in photography, and its shutter, giving up to 1/1000 sec. exposures, is an invention of the well-known pioneer in instantaneous photography, Ottomar Anschütz. The camera is fitted with one of the famous Goerz Double Anastigmats which have such a world-spread reputation, and are known as the best photographic lenses in the market. As the Goerz Anschütz Folding Camera, in the quarter-plate or 5 by 4 sizes, is a very compact and light camera, which can be used with plates, films, or daylight loading films, just to one's liking, it is no doubt the best camera an amateur or touring photographer can wish to possess, especially as the use of it is not by any means confined to one class of work, but groups, landscapes, portraits, and architectural work can be successfully undertaken. The fine definition of the Goerz Double Anastigmats was most strikingly shown in an enlargement exhibited lately in the New Gallery in London, and which, although 7 ft. long, was made from a half-plate original and showed the most critical detail. The optical works of C. P. Goerz, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C., hold at the disposal of our readers interested in photography, a splendidly illustrated booklet, which will be sent free of charge if the applications for the same are addressed to Department I.



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Dr. ANDREW WILSON, writing in his well-known Science and Health Notes, said:—"I suspect that some of the tobacco headaches, and other effects that follow in the consumption of even a

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was the Mixture referred to.

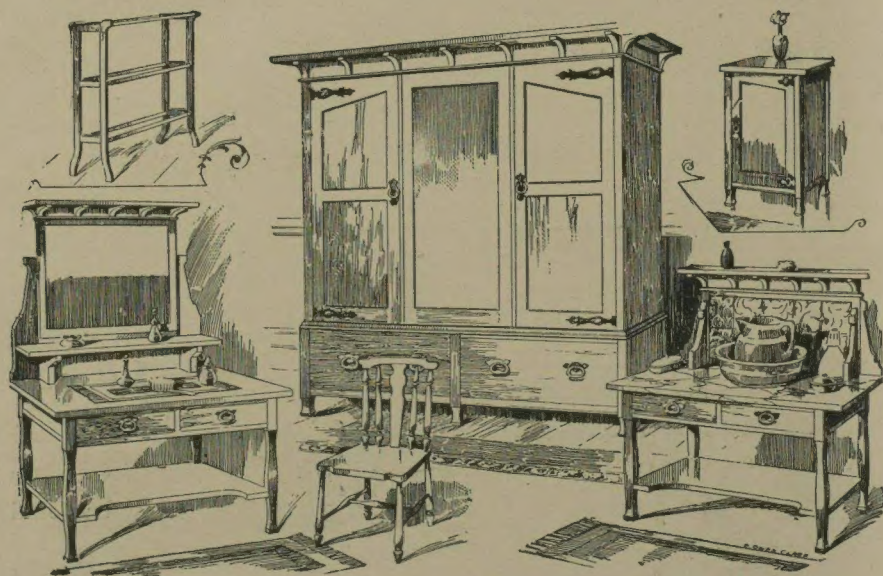
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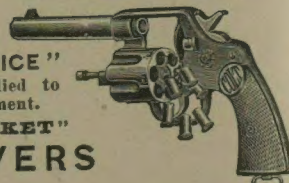
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And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

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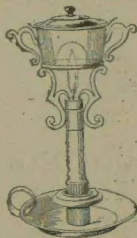
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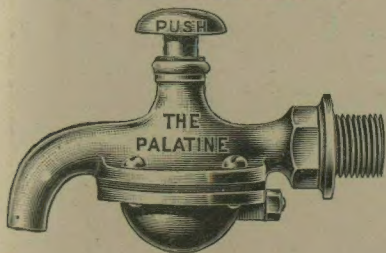
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TOILET SOAP

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9 1 by 5 9	...	3 6 0	12 11 by 9 3	...	7 0 0	14 2 by 11 0	...	10 0 0	14 2 by 11 3	...	10 3 0
9 7 by 7 4	...	4 10 0	12 0 by 9 3	...	7 2 0	14 2 by 11 3	...	10 3 0	14 7 by 10 8	...	9 18 0
10 2 by 6 10	...	4 8 0	12 7 by 9 0	...	7 6 0	14 7 by 10 8	...	9 18 0	14 5 by 10 8	...	9 16 0
10 6 by 7 9	...	4 10 0	12 10 by 8 10	...	7 6 0	14 5 by 10 8	...	9 16 0	14 7 by 11 3	...	10 10 0
10 4 by 7 10	...	4 10 0	12 0 by 9 4	...	7 4 0	14 7 by 11 3	...	10 10 0	14 0 by 10 5	...	9 6 0
10 8 by 7 1	...	4 16 0	12 9 by 9 2	...	7 10 0	14 0 by 10 5	...	9 6 0	14 11 by 11 5	...	10 18 0
10 7 by 7 4	...	5 0 0	12 7 by 9 8	...	7 15 0	14 5 by 11 6	...	10 10 0	14 2 by 10 6	...	9 10 0
11 6 by 8 5	...	5 2 0	12 10 by 8 5	...	6 18 0	14 2 by 10 6	...	9 10 0	14 4 by 10 8	...	9 15 0
11 9 by 8 3	...	5 7 0	12 8 by 9 9	...	7 18 0	14 4 by 10 8	...	9 15 0	14 9 by 12 11	...	12 4 0
11 10 by 7 7	...	5 15 0	12 10 by 9 1	...	7 10 0	14 9 by 12 11	...	12 4 0	14 3 by 10 0	...	9 0 0
11 5 by 8 3	...	6 0 0	12 2 by 9 9	...	7 11 0	14 3 by 10 0	...	9 0 0	14 9 by 12 4	...	11 13 0
11 4 by 8 5	...	6 3 0	13 1 by 9 7	...	8 0 0	14 9 by 12 4	...	11 13 0	14 5 by 11 7	...	10 13 0
11 8 by 8 2	...	6 3 0	13 7 by 10 10	...	9 8 0	14 5 by 11 7	...	10 13 0	14 1 by 10 4	...	9 6 0
11 9 by 8 3	...	6 3 0	13 4 by 10 3	...	8 15 0	14 1 by 10 4	...	9 6 0	14 2 by 11 9	...	10 13 0
11 3 by 8 8	...	6 4 0	13 6 by 10 8	...	9 4 0	14 2 by 11 9	...	10 13 0	14 2 by 10 9	...	9 15 0
11 4 by 9 7	...	6 12 0	13 1 by 10 9	...	9 0 0	14 2 by 10 9	...	9 15 0	14 10 by 12 7	...	11 18 0
11 10 by 9 10	...	7 10 0	13 11 by 11 6	...	10 4 0	14 10 by 12 7	...	11 18 0	14 5 by 10 11	...	10 2 0
12 0 by 6 8	...	5 4 0	13 6 by 10 1	...	8 14 0	14 5 by 10 11	...	10 2 0	14 2 by 10 2	...	9 4 0
12 6 by 6 11	...	5 12 0	13 8 by 10 2	...	8 16 0	14 2 by 10 2	...	9 4 0	14 11 by 11 7	...	11 2 0
12 1 by 7 5	...	5 15 0	13 10 by 9 8	...	8 10 0	14 11 by 11 7	...	11 2 0	14 1 by 10 9	...	9 13 0
12 0 by 8 2	...	6 7 0	13 9 by 10 10	...	9 0 0	14 1 by 10 9	...	9 13 0	15 1 by 11 8	...	11 4 0
12 0 by 8 9	...	6 14 0	14 6 by 11 7	...	10 15 0	15 1 by 11 8	...	11 4 0	17 0 by 11 6	...	13 10 0
12 1 by 8 8	...	6 14 0	14 1 by 11 10	...	9 5 0						
12 10 by 8 5	...	6 18 0									

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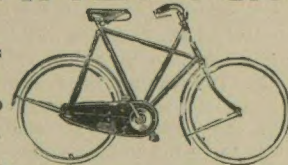
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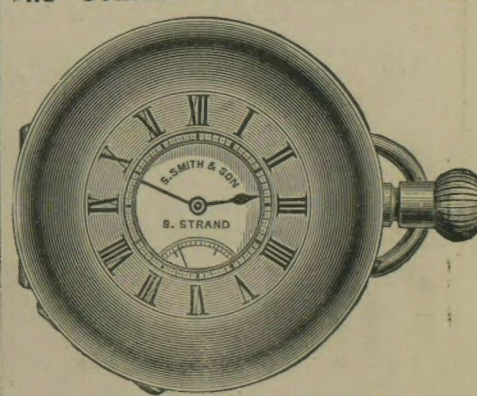


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Our Exhibit at the GLASGOW 1901 EXHIBITION will be in  
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The East London Church Fund is one of the few organisations which are able to announce a successful year. During 1900 its income was £20,866, as compared with £20,783 in 1899. This success is owing in great part to the widespread popularity of the Bishop of Stepney.

Bishop Ryle has made an excellent impression in the diocese of Exeter. His speech at the luncheon in the Rougemont Hotel was admired by everyone. Archdeacon Sandford had made some reference to the senior and junior clergy, and the Bishop humorously asked among which class he was to be ranked, and promised to act as a bridge between the two.

The Bishop of Winchester has quickly thrown off the illness which prevented him from attending the S.P.G. meeting at the Guildhall, and was able to come to London for the following Sunday. He was the Gospeller at the Bishop's consecration on Quinquagesima.

The Rev. W. S. Swayne, Vicar of Walsall, who is coming to London to succeed Dr. Ridgeway at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, has received many beautiful parting

gifts from his parishioners. Mr. Swayne is understood to be an exceedingly able preacher, who will fully maintain the pulpit traditions of St. Peter's.

Canon Hensley Henson is preaching at the midday services at St. Paul's Cathedral this week, and he will be succeeded by the Rev. E. H. Pearce, Vicar of Christ Church, Newgate Street. Canon Knox Little is expected for the last week of March. For Holy Week the preacher is Father Waggett, of Cowley, whose sermons are just now extremely popular in High Church circles. Father Waggett will give the Good Friday addresses on the Seven Words.

Canon Hensley Henson will be very busy during the whole of Lent. Besides his course at St. Paul's, he is expected to speak for the Christian Social Union at St. Lawrence Jewry, and will also give a series of midday addresses to men at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Wednesdays.

Many interesting courses of sermons have been arranged for the next six weeks. At St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, Canon Body, whose health is now very much better, is to preach a course of sermons on Sunday mornings

on the "Spiritual Life." Canon Pennefather, the Vicar, will give a series of addresses on Sunday afternoons, the subject being "Human character as seen beneath the Cross." It is a significant sign of the steady rapprochement between all but the extremist sections of the Church that Canon Body should be preaching in the morning at St. Mary Abbott's and in the evening at All Saints', Margaret Street.

The Rev. G. P. Trevelyan will succeed the Rev. Lord Victor Seymour as Rector of Carshalton. Some time ago Mr. Trevelyan was obliged to resign the incumbency of St. Alban's, Birmingham, owing to ill-health, but he is now quite recovered.

The Great Northern Railway Company have issued the 1901 edition of their handy little book containing a list of the principal agricultural shows, dog and poultry shows, cattle and horse fairs, racing fixtures, etc., for the year. Copies of the book can be obtained gratis of the company's agents. A neat folding card for the pocket has also been prepared, giving full particulars of the principal agricultural shows to be held during the year 1901.

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